# The Nation

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## The Week

UNDER the extraordinary conditions in the world's wheat market to-day our Food Administration cannot even initiate its operations affecting wheat and flour with half-way measures. Its control must be complete over the whole crop, and must begin when the grain leaves the thresher and end only when it is divided between American and European consumers. To those who have thought of the Food Administration as an agency stabilizing the routine operation of supply and demand, punishing gamblers and hoarders, and interfering only modestly with the ordinary healthy movements of grain, the announcement of Mr. Hoover's plans will be a shock. But he makes it clear why the Government must dominate the situation. Our proximity to Europe makes our estimated export of 225,000,000 bushels of paramount importance to the Allies. That export will be taken largely through a single buyer for the Allied Governments, whose control over the price needs a check on this side; the crop can cross the ocean so slowly that our warehouses will face a glut; speculators on this side might obtain so large a part of the slender surplus as to disturb distribution at home and abroad. If the war ended suddenly, supplies released from Russia, Argentina, and Australia might demoralize the demand for our grain.

THE method of control outlined will reach even the farmer. With the Government in the field as buyer, possibly to the limit of the crop, it will be useless for farmers to hold their wheat in the hope that competing buyers might run it to an exorbitant figure. The Food Administration will open wheat-purchasing agencies at all the principal terminals, and carrying on its transactions with the usual local elevators dotted all over the country, will take enough grain to determine a fair price. How much grain this will be cannot be predicted. All elevators of over 100 barrels capacity daily will be licensed by the Government, as will all flour-mills of that capacity; and they must regularly supply information as to receipts and shipments. Operating alongside the Government purchasing agencies will be agencies to re-sell wheat for export, and for the use of home millers. The price of buying and selling will be determined by a Government Board. Millers have already agreed to inform the Government of what they regard as a fair margin of profit on flour-making, and elevator men, distributers, and bakers will doubtless indicate what they think their businesses are entitled to. What the Government decides to be fair will "go."

WARNING from the Federal Trade Commission that nothing like profits of $1.25 and $1.35 a ton on coal—actually made by some large retailers last May—will be allowed again, comes with more force now that the Food bill and Esch Car-Service act have been passed. Under the Pomerene amendment to the Food bill, the Federal Trade Commission can fix prices and otherwise completely regulate the coal industry, when directed to do so by the President; under the Esch act and the law for Government regulation of priority in shipments essential to the war, the Government can keep cars moving, and moving where most needed. As the Trade Commission points out, producers of anthracite, spurred by the Government, have been getting one-fourth more hard coal out of the ground than last year, while wholesale prices have been stabilized as never before. The transportation problem is being solved. The only point upon which buyers of anthracite seem to need to feel uneasiness is as to the conduct of retail dealers, who, the Trade Commission tells us, ought not to increase prices more than 10 cents a ton September 1.

THE change proposed by the Senate Revenue bill in the matter of income tax "collections at the source" would have considerably wider bearing than the mere readjustment of tax-collecting machinery. This was pointed out by the Investment Bankers' Association when the change was being considered by the Senate Committee. In the covenant printed on bonds issued by them since the income tax of 1894, and to some extent ever since the Civil War, a very large number of railway and other corporations agreed to assume payment of all taxes collectible at the source. The proviso to that effect was usually so worded as to guarantee payment of interest "without deduction for any tax or taxes" which the company "may be required to pay, or to retain therefrom, by any present or future law of the United States or of any State or Territory." Such tax or taxes the company would "hereby agree to pay." There was never any doubt in the mind of either the companies or the investing public as to what this stipulation meant. Since no other tax than an income tax on holders of the bonds could in any case be deducted by the company from the interest, it clearly meant assuming responsibility for an income tax, collected on such coupons at the source. It was so understood by the purchaser of the bonds; in which, indeed, the proviso was inserted to help their market.

UNDER the existing Income Tax law, with interest on their bonds collected at the source, the corporations have never questioned this interpretation; they have paid the tax. Now, however, the Senate bill proposes that provisions "relating to the deduction and payment of the tax at the source of income" shall hereafter "only apply to the normal tax hereinbefore imposed upon non-resident alien individuals." In other words, Congress is asked to make the railways' covenant non-operative. We consider this manifestly unjust. There can be no question of relieving the railways of an intolerable burden; the burden was one which they assumed voluntarily, and for due consideration. Nor is the proposal made to appear more just by arguing that the railways might, under the existing arrangement, be compelled to pay even a 50 per cent. supertax. This question could not arise, for the reason that the supertax is not a tax on specific income, but on the individual whose total income exceeds a given sum. That the Senate Com-

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mittee so regards it is shown by the provision, in the very clause of their bill which we have cited, that collection and deduction at the source, though hereafter still to apply in the case of "non-resident alien individuals," shall even with them "only apply to the normal tax." We agree with Senator Weeks, of the Committee, that "this feature of the bill should be remedied before it leaves the Senate."

ALMOST unperceived, in this time when national interest is so exclusively converged upon legislation bearing on the war, an important amendment to the Interstate Commerce act was reported last week from a Congressional conference committee and passed by the Senate. This was the long-discussed provision increasing the membership of the Interstate Commerce Commission to nine, as against the seven of the existing Board, and authorizing the Commission to divide its own membership into separate bodies or committees, with whom the separate functions of the Commission can be placed. Under existing procedure, the entire Commission has to participate jointly and individually in every action or decision. With its duties alternately of an investigating character, an administrative character, and a judicial character, and with the vastly increased pressure of business, the strain on the members of the Commission had become almost intolerable, and the quick dispatch of business was rendered most difficult. The new amendment provides that the enlarged Commission may refer to one of its subsidiary committees "any of its work, business, or functions"; and that the order, decision, or report of such committee "shall have the same force . . . as if made or taken by the Commission," subject to rehearing by the full Commission. Not less than three members, however, must participate in any decision on reasonableness of rates, and not less than five in proceedings relating to valuation of railway property.

IT may as well be confessed that before two of the most pressing problems of the war American resourcefulness has broken down. One is the slogan for our armies abroad, and the other is the pet name for the man in the trenches. Our mobilization of war-cries has been a *débâcle*. After a prolonged and valiant effort the New York *Sun* has abandoned its search for the phrase that is to shake the walls of Junkerism. It is not much better with the "Sammies" whom the headlines are featuring, but with a degree of self-consciousness which shows plainly a lack of real conviction. No wonder the name is being furiously assailed by the prolific author of Letters to the Editor. It smells of the incubator from which it has proceeded. There is no red blood in it. It is full of sibilant noises which suggest a snake in the grass rather than a storming party of freemen. Its possessive case is impossible. Imagine "Sammies' Sweep!" Are our armies to go through the war as just unadorned "Americans"?

ANY number of arguments, strategic, economic, and psychological, may be adduced in support of Field-Marshal James Hamilton Lewis's brilliant scheme for the dispatch of American troops to Russia. For the moment we may consider the comparatively simple factor of transport. For the Allies in the west, including America, the outstanding war problem is ships. For Russia, one of the biggest problems is railroads. Given, therefore, an American army available for European service, where shall it be sent? Obviously, in that direction which involves the greatest strain on Allied shipping and Russian railroads! It is true there are no German submarines in the Pacific. It is also true that Germany would pledge herself to take some of her Atlantic U-boats out of commission if America would only promise to send her future army contingents across the Pacific and Siberia instead of across the Atlantic into France. There are a dozen other considerations. Does Russia need men? Could our soldiers in Russia do any good? Would the arrival of our troops stimulate Russia's war efforts, or would it give the Leninites a chance to say that American imperialism is driving the Russian peasant into a battle that is not his own? We do not believe that in any responsible Administration quarters has the idea of sending troops to Russia been entertained. If it has, it is one of the most encouraging things for Germany that has happened of late. It would show Washington occupied with a happy-thought strategy and a headline conception of the war as a whole that the Kaiser could regard with the utmost satisfaction.

"A MOVE to Impeach President Wilson, Important Meeting in Washington, Senators and Representatives Present, The President Declared to Have Violated the Constitution, Betrayed the People and to Deserve Impeachment." No, skeptical reader, these are not actual headlines, but they might easily have been had a German correspondent been able to get through to Berlin a report of the proceedings in Washington the other day. We in America know the proper discount to make. In the process of blowing off steam, many foolish things are said, but the people are sensible enough to size them up for what they are worth. For foreigners it is not so easy. Ah, but sometimes it is Americans who are the foreigners. They are such in the case of many fragments of news coming from Petrograd and Paris, from Vienna and London. And can they be sure that, in interpreting these dispatches, they are so much wiser than Europeans would be in understanding a telegram talking about the impeachment of the President of the United States for having led the nation into war against its will?

GEORGIA'S Legislature meets every year in midsummer, and as if to leave no doubt of their intention to give the legislators the full benefit of the weather, the framers of the Constitution limited the session to fifty days. These circumstances, however, do not lower the quality of the bills introduced at Atlanta, if we may judge from one championed by the Atlanta *Constitution*, providing for the establishing of a normal school for negro teachers. The present situation in this matter may be commended to those who argue that the negro in the South has all the opportunities for education that he needs. Georgia is one of the most advanced States in the Union, and yet the negro who wishes to fit himself to teach in the negro public schools of the State must either go to some other State for his training or get it in a private institution. There is no provision in Georgia for the State training of negro teachers, except a beginning in an industrial school. Yet if the negro is so backward as many white men hold, he needs teachers of unusual training. It is not without significance that the bill for a normal school should have been introduced by "a representative young leader from southwest Georgia, where the proportionate negro population is greater than anywhere else in the State."

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THE steady demand for labor is indicated in the report of the New York Employment Bureau that it is impossible to meet the demand for farm laborers at $36 to $40 a month with maintenance, that there is a dearth of common labor, though 35 cents an hour is often paid, and that there is great need for skilled workers in metal and machinery. The second statement is particularly interesting. Last year the State Industrial Commission published a bulletin, based on reports from 1,500 establishments with 500,000 employees, showing that between October, 1914, and October, 1916, the average weekly wage had increased from $12.26 to $14.93. This showing covered, with common labor, many industries in a number of States—iron, steel, textile, machinery, and so on. If common labor can now command $21 for a week of six ten-hour days, the level of pay in general industries must be steadily rising. As a matter of fact, throughout last winter wage increases were common.

"CAN now" is a very pertinent and timely word from the Secretary of Agriculture to our housewives. The regular canning factories have not the facilities for greatly expanding their output; labor this year is more than ever scarce. The workers available in the neighborhood of preserving establishments have not been increased, but rather diminished, by war's exigencies, by enlistment, by the call of war industries, and, last but not least, by prosperity. The womenfolk and youngsters do not this year, with farm prices what they are, have to leave off scooting around in their husbands' and fathers' automobiles. Moreover, even were other conditions favorable, there happens to be a famine in tin-plate; housewives, for the most part, put up fruit and vegetables in glass jars. They, therefore, will really be able to add something to our next year's stock of food by saving thousands of tons of perishable commodities from condemnation, if they will roll up their sleeves and turn vigorously to the not disagreeable work of "putting up things" for next winter. "Home-made" ought to be the ladies' slogan of this season.

A BENEFICIAL by-product of the automobile is the gradual extinction of the pestilential house-fly. The Merchants Association of New York publishes reports from health officers throughout the country describing work done and results obtained in the anti-fly campaign. Many of these communications ascribe the drop in fly-population largely to the growing use of automobiles and elimination of horses. One mill-town of three or four hundred inhabitants, which proved almost free of the winged pests, could show only two or three horses. Other neighborhoods, where bad roads made horse-drawn vehicles a necessity, simply swarmed with flies. Even in a large city like New York there has been a really noticeable betterment of conditions.

NEWS that each person in France is to be allowed 500 grammes of bread daily, must come as a shock to the German masses. Germans have long been told of "things being just as bad or worse in Paris and London" in order that their courage might not droop under a bread ration of about 200 grammes a day and an equally insufficient ration of meat, potatoes, eggs, butter, milk, and fats. They must suspect now that all they have been told was grossly exaggerated or absolute falsehood. Although for the present the food crisis in the Central Powers may be over, on account of the new crops, yet there are worse times in prospect for the late winter and spring. Every year, since the commencement of the war has seen the food resources of the Teutonic Allies shrink. Their only hope of staving off eventual starvation would have been in the earlier exhaustion of their enemies. The realization throughout Germany and Austria that England and France are not to be beaten because of a lack of food will go a long way towards throwing the weight of the German workers into the scales for peace.

THE exhaustion of German man-power has so frequently threatened a German collapse within the last two years that the latest declaration on the subject by a Swiss observer will be received with caution. On the other hand, we must not underestimate the strain upon Germany's human resources. In the latest bulletin of a Copenhagen society for the study of the social consequences of the war, from which very careful statistical investigations have come before this, we find an estimate of the extent to which Germany has drawn upon her available man-power. At the outbreak of the war there were 13½ million men in Germany between the ages of seventeen and forty-five. From the number of members of the trade unions who have been called to the colors, it would appear that by the end of 1915 Germany had summoned 67 per cent. of all men liable to military service. That was more than a year and a half ago. If we make allowance for men between the ages of seventeen and forty-five who are physically disqualified for army service, we see that at the end of 1915 Germany was fairly close to the limits of her human reserves. Principally she has kept going since then by drawing upon the 600,000 youths who attain military age every year. This is hardly equal to the joint yield from the corresponding classes in France and Great Britain, not to speak of the advent of the United States.

WE are having our troubles with a word new to the Anglo-Saxon public, thrown up to the surface by the Russian revolution. "Bourgeois" and "bourgeoisie" do not connote, as the impression seems to be in some quarters, a political party in Russia to be printed in quotation marks and used as a synonym for Constitutional Democrats. The "bourgeois" in the common language of Continental Socialism is our old friend the capitalist, the exploiter, the property-owner, as opposed to the worker, the exploited, the proletarian. The Maximalist Socialists in Russia have acted up to the full rigor of the Socialist doctrine that the real enemy of the working class is not the working class of a country with which there happens to be war, but the capitalists, the bourgeois, or middle class of one's own country as of all other countries. In Russia the revolution was brought about by a solid union of all elements, Socialist and middle class, against Czarism. Within six weeks the Socialist element had ousted the bourgeois element from control of the revolution, and early in July the process of elimination was virtually completed. The effect was immediately disastrous. With little loss of time the moderate Socialists have repaired their mistake. Kerensky's new Cabinet is a revival of the *bloc* of all progressive elements. For the time being, bourgeois and proletarian have the common problem of saving the Revolution. When that is done proletariat and middle class may resume their conflict within the sphere of constitutional government as elsewhere outside of Russia.

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# The Pope Acts

THE significance of Pope Benedict's intervention in the hope of ending the war is manifold. His high and venerated office compels for him a respectful hearing. This would be true if he were merely repeating what he has before many times expressed in encyclical and allocution —namely, his grief at the war which desolates the world and brings religion low, with general appeals for a better mind and a spirit of concord between nations. But he has passed from the realm of pious exhortation into that of practical action. It is not the Holy Father who speaks, but the head of the Vatican—a ruler in close diplomatic touch with all nations. His present attitude he has assumed only after long and careful study based upon information coming to him first-hand from the countries at war and from neutrals. Thus his *démarche* in behalf of peace becomes a diplomatic and international event of the first rank.

For the first time, the Pope, in his approaches to the belligerents, is concrete. He goes into details. He states terms. He mentions Belgium, he mentions Servia, he mentions Rumania. And his flat proposal is that these conquered and trampled lands be "restored." Nor is he unaware of other and subsidiary questions. His Holiness knows of Polish national aspirations, of the Italian ambitions in the Trentino and Trieste, of the French longing for the recovery of the lost provinces. These matters, too, he refers to explicitly, and urges that they be settled by peaceful negotiation. The main thing, however, is his precise definition of the minimum terms of peace. Belgium, Servia, Rumania, evacuated and restored—here is at once the greater part of that for which the Allies have been fighting.

It is not to be believed for an instant that the Pope speaks for himself alone. The relations of the Vatican and Vienna have always been intimate; of late, there has been abundant evidence that the Austrian Government was especially active in negotiating with Rome. Austria is Catholic; and it was after conference with Austrian authorities that the German Clerical, Herr Erzberger, made his speech in the Reichstag looking to an early and reasonable peace, and organized the Clericals along with the Socialists so as to pass in the Reichstag the resolution favoring peace without annexations and without indemnities which the new Chancellor was compelled to accept. There is thus every reason to infer that the Pope's present advances are made with the full knowledge and approval of Austria. Without something of that kind, Benedict would scarcely have ventured to go so far and to be so precise. What understanding he may have had with the German Government is not so plain. But it is probable that if Austria consents to the Pope's plans for peace, Germany is at least willing to have them tried. Everybody has been looking for a new peace "feeler" from Germany, the only question being when it would appear, and through what medium. It is fair to assume that the Catholics of Bavaria would be as anxious as the Catholics of Austria to avail themselves of the Pope's good offices. Thus the whole net impression made by Pope Benedict's proposal to the warring Governments is that a peace formula has been worked out at the Vatican which, if the Allies would accept it, Germany and Austria would also accept.

Now, what shall we say in the face of this offer of mediation by the Pope? What shall be the attitude of the American Government? How are England and France and Russia to respond? No one would urge a hasty decision. It is right that the affair should be carefully considered in all its aspects. That the Allies should consult before deciding on their course is only proper. But one thing cannot too quickly be stamped upon. This is the endeavor to represent the whole movement as a deceitful trick on the part of Germany, and to picture Pope Benedict as having lent himself to a despicable plot of the Teutonic Powers. Two facts go squarely against this. One is the Pope's sacred office, together with the position he has previously taken. He has not concealed his sympathy with the attitude of Cardinal Mercier. His heart has bled for Belgium. This he has made known in ways to give offence to German Catholics. But over and above all such considerations stands the actual definition of peace terms that Benedict puts forward. These are not pro-German terms. They are, if anything, Allied terms. If they are agreed to by the German Government, they will be tantamount to a surrender of nine-tenths of what the Junkers and the Pan-Germans and the military autocracy have contended would be indispensable. And with nearly all that the Allies have been fighting for conceded, a good part of the rest would follow; for it is certain that if the German Government were to give up the conquests it has made in Belgium, France, Servia, and Rumania, and make a peace on that basis, the German people could be trusted to see to it that the Hohenzollerns were not permitted ever to drag or betray them into another war.

It is but just, as we have said, that the Pope's proposals should be maturely studied. Steps should be taken to ascertain whether he really speaks in behalf of Austria and Germany. If it is clearly established that he does, no statesman in any Allied nation can afford for a moment to refuse to follow the Holy Father's lead. Lloyd George has said that any ruler who should pursue the war one day longer than is necessary to attain its main objects would be a monster. But here are the main objects of the war in sight. It is the manifest duty of the Allied Governments—especially of the United States—to omit no effort to achieve and cherish, through the Pope's mediation, a just and lasting peace.

# Return of the Root Mission

MR. ROOT'S selection as head of the American Mission to revolutionary Russia did not at first commend itself to everybody as the happiest possible choice. Many Americans were inclined to believe that the state of mind in the ascendant at Petrograd did not guarantee to a man of Mr. Root's antecedents the opportunity for usefulness which the representatives of the United States might aspire to. Of Mr. Root's preëminent intellectual equipment for his post there could, of course, be no question. But all doubts were dispelled at one blow by his first public pronouncement at Petrograd. That speech will remain one of the masterly documents of the war. It showed perfect understanding blended with such sympathy as many more "democratic" personages and organs of public opinion than Mr. Root have shown themselves incapable of. That same understanding and sympathy are manifest in his utterances since

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the return of the Mission to Washington. "We took a long time to form the Government of the United States of America, and I judge from the newspapers that we have not yet perfected it and that a good deal remains to be done." This is exactly the tone of his first address to the Revolutionists. He began by telling them that America had no desire to patronize on the one hand or to prostrate herself in humility on the other. We were what we were, and we were ready to take the new Russia as she was, confident only that beneath the differences of national temper and organization there was the essential bond of democratic aspirations.

Too much insistence cannot be laid on this peculiar merit of Mr. Root's services, on his conception of the ultimate purpose of the American Mission as being less to teach the Russians than to learn, less to help them than to understand what they are doing to help themselves. Mr. Root does not overlook, of course, the importance of such material and moral aid as we can render to Russian democracy. We must give of our wealth, and also of our industrial resources, for the rehabilitation of Russia's economic life and military effort. But we feel sure that Mr. Root would be the first to disavow any such absurd claim as that attributed to him by one enthusiastic correspondent:

> When Mr. Root reached Petrograd he found that a large element of the Russian people were sincere in their belief that their duty was to oppose further war. Under guidance of German agents their number was growing in leaps and bounds. Mr. Root succeeded in opening the eyes of these people, so that when the American Mission left their numbers had dwindled to practically nothing.

This is childish and untrue. Our Commissioners may have done their share with the representatives at Petrograd from the other Allies. But we did not schoolmaster the Russians, and we did not eliminate the anti-national fanatics, as appears plainly from events in Russia since the departure of the Mission. What the Root Mission has been, and, we hope, will continue to be, most useful in, is the education of the American people to faith in Russia and sympathy for her tremendous tasks. A simple statement like Mr. Root's reminder that Russia's paper money is not in worse condition than our own in the Civil War is worth all the empty boasting about what our Commissioners did to tame the obstreperous Bolsheviki.

America's message to Russia has been delivered by Mr. Root and his associates. It is now for us to take to heart the message which he has brought back. That message is to the effect that we must not let the disappointments and vicissitudes of the day anger us or blind us to the spirit and trend of the Russian Revolution. There has been a strong drive for a separate peace within Russia, but it has been overcome. There has been military disorganization, but it will be overcome if the manifest desire of the great majority of the nation can make itself felt. There has been serious danger of disunion among the forces that brought about Russian freedom, but unity is fast being reëstablished. The point to fix our eyes upon, as one member of the Root Mission has said, is that men like Kerensky for the Socialist Revolutionists, Plekhanoff for the Social Democrats, Milyukoff and Guchkoff for the Constitutional Democrats and Moderates, and Kropotkin, exponent of philosophical anarchism, are now working together for the national cause. It is neither intelligent nor fair to forget Russia's past services or the promise of her future, in the sour feeling of the moment. When one newspaper speaks of Russia as always a drag on the Allies, it forgets what the military experts say about Russia winning the battle of the Marne for the Allies by drawing off several army corps from von Kluck. When another explains the Russian retirement in Galicia as due to essential Slav non-combativeness, it fails to explain how the Slavs ever got into Galicia and beyond the Carpathians. If Mr. Root can teach us to think for the duration of the war at least, instead of for the moment, he will have done immense good.

It is hard, no doubt, to adopt the altruistic viewpoint in the midst of a great war. It is too much to ask of America that she shall think of Russia, and not of herself, or even of Russia before herself. But that is not what we are called upon to do. By thinking fairly and intelligently of Russia we shall be best serving ourselves. If, for example, we are tempted to anger at the harm done to the Allied military plans by the failure of the Russian armies, we must fix our mind on the essential element in the military situation, so admirably summed up in a recent number of the *Manchester Guardian:*

> Even now, with the Russian armies retreating before inferior forces of the enemy, the situation is much better than it was just before the fall of the Stürmer Ministry. *Then there was danger of Russia's concluding a separate peace. There is no such danger now;* for, however weak the Russian armies may be, they will remain "in being," compelling the Germans to keep strong forces opposite them, and preventing a German concentration in the west, such as would neutralize the effects of American intervention.

# Connecticut's Blue-Law Tradition

THAT there are some localities and periods at which men delight to gird, American history fully attests. Sometimes the fact seems rational: there is good reason why Knickerbocker New York should appeal to the risibilities; no New Yorker resents it. But it seems unreasonable that Puritan grimness, especially as manifested in the exemplary State of Connecticut, should provoke humor. Why should Connecticut remain the land of steady habits (old Jeffersonian sneer), of wooden nutmegs, of blue lights, and bluer laws? On this last point its citizens are most sensitive, and they must take with some ill-feeling the revival of old taunts. Last Sunday a new act first allowed the sale of foods, confectionery, fruits, and cigars. The rejoicings in the surrounding press that the "blue laws" have received their death-blow cannot but awaken memories of the old controversy. It was in 1791 that Samuel Peters, an embittered Tory minister, published in London the "General History of Connecticut," in which he gave a most entertaining account of the blue laws. So widely did his picturesque slanders spread that for a century one Connecticut scholar after another took up weapons of defence. When James Hammond Trumbull wrote in 1876 his book denouncing completely "The False Blue Laws Invented by the Rev. Samuel Peters," the State breathed easier.

The picture which Peters drew of sumptuary and other legislation in Connecticut was calculated to leave certain indelible marks for several generations. It harmonized with tradition and some real truth as to the Puritan temper, and a century ago probably chimed with a feeling as to religious intolerance to which actual facts under "Pope" Dwight had lent color. But in a long list of assertions

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Peters has been proved by the card to be wrong. His most ridiculous misstatement was that "No woman shall kiss her child on the Sabbath or fasting-day." With it went two other libels on Connecticut common-sense: one that "No one shall run on the Sabbath day, or walk in his garden or elsewhere, except reverently to and from meeting," and the other that none should "cook victuals, make beds, cut hair, or shave on the Sabbath day." It is probably these exaggerations that have led to an instinctive coupling of the term blue law with some regulation as to Sabbath-keeping, though properly it has, as Peters used it, a much wider meaning. Peters derived it from the word bloody, explaining that the laws were all "sanctified with excommunication, confiscation, fines, banishment, whippings, cutting off the ears, burning the tongue, and death." Of these severities he gives examples in plenty, though he knew that when he wrote no person was put to the rack because he refused to discover companions in trespass, that those who allowed a fire to spread in the woods to a house were not executed, and that men were not flogged for lying about a neighbor. It is a tribute to the discretion of tradition that it softened Peters's tale.

The broad facts, which throw much illumination on tradition-mongering, are that Peters drew his tissue of truth and fiction from wide sources, and suppressed the bearing of time on it; and that gossip and fable accepted much of his ascription of the whole to the Connecticut of 1790. Whoever heard of the blue laws of Massachusetts or Pennsylvania? Yet when Peters and tradition declare that in Connecticut whoever wore above two yards of bone, silver, or gold lace was once fined £300, he was borrowing a Massachusetts enactment; when they quote the blue law against importation of cards or dice on penalty of five pounds, they quote Massachusetts again. The notorious denial of the right to make mince pies and to play on any instrument except drum, trumpet, and jews-harp belongs rather to some of Connecticut's neighbors than to herself. Peters might have horrified us with the law that any child above sixteen cursing his or her parent was liable to death—it once existed in New England—but he does not ascribe it to Connecticut. No State enforced more rigorously than Pennsylvania once did the law against Sunday travel. The mere accident that a vengeful minister was exiled from one part of the Union gives that and not another the reputation for Sunday rigor. Who knows if the mere accident that Jerry Simpson settled in Kansas is not responsible for our ascription to it of politically more radical and bucolically more humorous traits than its neighbors? What happy chance can those below Mason and Dixon's line thank that it is "Southern" hospitality that is traditional, not merely "Virginian" or "Georgian"?

Tradition, with all its mendacity, is redeemed by its picturesqueness; and this applies to the tradition which involves the manners of a section no less than to that which involves Pocahontas, or Molly Pitcher, or Marcus Whitman. Let the sons of Connecticut exchange views with those of Illinois on Sunday observance, and it might be learned that it is Connecticut that is lax and Illinois that is a model of piety. Perhaps in Nova Scotia not a single Sam Slick is to be found, while some State of the bustling new South is breeding him by hundreds. Local and sectional traditions help us to visualize our country, feel its teeming life and endearing differences, and love it the more. Our development in institutions and manners has been so rapid that a strict regard for truth would kill most traditions soon after they sprouted. Though Bishop and Professor Prince have destroyed much of the work of the man who founded Connecticut's tradition, and modern laws have left it a queer story, the country will cling to it still.

# "Setting-Up" Old Men

IN the glorious rage for "conserving the nation's manpower," brought on by the war, age has not been respected. The "Senior Service Corps" has been organized; and while men above forty-five are not yet legally drafted into it, they are beset to join it, their lives are made miserable if they don't, and the finger of scorn is pointed at them as at slackers, recreants, lovers of ease in Zion, and generally near-traitors. The passion for seizing upon elderly men and making gray-haired athletes out of them is, in fact, now ravaging the whole country. It appears to have started at New Haven, where ex-President Taft was pressed into service to show, as the Yale undergraduates would say, that the *gracilis puer* had nothing on him. The sight of stout and puffing gentlemen going through setting-up exercises so inflamed the originators of the plan that they promptly made a descent upon Washington. Mr. Walter Camp made the following cool proposal:

> Permit me to come to Washington and let me have as my football squad for one hour of a prearranged day—from 8 to 9 o'clock A. M.—President Wilson, Secretary Lansing, Secretary McAdoo, Secretary Baker, Attorney-General Gregory, Postmaster-General Burleson, Secretary Daniels, Secretary Lane, Secretary Houston, Secretary Redfield, and Secretary Wilson.
>
> I will promise not to "scrimmage" them, but to take them through the hour's work. They will not make "touchdowns," but will shoulder again the burdens of state with renewed vigor. What they do they can then ask any man of forty-five and over to do. It is not as hazardous as testing a submarine or an aeroplane, but it might prove as great a gain for our country in the long run.

Not exactly that procedure was adopted, but we have all seen, in the illustrated Sunday supplements, pictures of members of the Cabinet thrusting out pudgy arms and balancing on one toe, with the high heroism of men ready to pluck the bubble reputation at the camera's mouth. And this official example has had country-wide effects. A kind of volunteered surveillance of old men is everywhere observable. Are they taking the necessary steps to make themselves "fit"? Do they go through their calisthenics religiously, sponge themselves off and rub themselves down with the zeal and fidelity of a man in training for a boat-race? If not, how can they look their children in the face, much less encounter the reproaches of a frowning and patriotic world? The results are often pitiful. You will see plenty of harried graybeards toiling away at this suddenly improvised system of forced athletics for the aged.

There is no lack of rules and regulations. Most valuable to any man of fifty-five who was in New York a week ago would have been the direction how to "induce perspiration." All he would have had to do was to carry an iron bar weighing eight pounds—or, if he was exceptionally vigorous or boastful, such a bar in each hand—and climb a hill. Other sample prescriptions for the embattled seniors are: "Never let a day pass without covering four miles on foot"; "whenever you walk, stand up with chin in, hips back, and chest out, and think how tall you are"; "if you feel tired, remem-

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ber so does the other man"; "Nature never punished a man for getting his legs tired"; "if a man goes direct to work after walking, he should keep a dry undershirt at the office and a rough bath-towel."

Men enlisting in the Senior Service Corps are required to "sign up" for only ninety days. This looks like a weakness in the scheme. We should say it ought to be at least for the duration of the war. The promoters do, it is true, pretend that the benefit of physical training for the old will be so manifest, after three months, that they will keep it up even after peace comes. Some will doubt this. The glamour may wear off. When the photographic reporter no longer finds novelty in the spectacle of the athletic "stunts" of a man weighing 250 pounds, the latter may disclose a spirit unwilling as well as flesh weak. In fact, careful observers report already a diminution in the number of "squads" of old men panting their way on a proud "hike." The great work of "conserving the energies" of men over forty-five seems to be more and more put back in the hands of such men themselves; and they are visibly conserving an energy which at first they were disposed to squander at the command of a drill-master.

The truth is that it needed no spurt of war-interest to call attention to the importance of maintaining health and vigor with advancing years. In this matter a vast improvement had set in long ago, and there is every sign that it will be maintained, war or no war. An English historian of manners writes that whereas, two generations ago, men of fifty had nothing to do but sit in club windows, drink brandy and soda, and wait for death, now they are to be seen on the golf links, or trying to master the latest slang of their grandchildren. But it is one thing to keep "fit" and another to act like a fool. And veteran imitators of youthful athletes simply add fresh force to the ancient sigh —"si la vieillesse pouvait."

# A Dying Art

IN an obscure corner of the English press recently appeared a notice of the death of J. Ashby Sterry. Himself not a poet of eminence, he marks the end of a type of light poetry for the present in English, the last echo of a long line reaching back almost to Elizabethan times through Herrick, Suckling, Sackville, Waller, Pryor, Hunt, Hood, Lampson, Praed, Dobson—an honorable lineage, the dean of which, in our time, Austin Dobson, ravished the exquisite ear of the collector of literary bric-à-brac as do painted Japanese fans, Watteau panels, and faience the connoisseur's discriminating eye. It was considered no derogation to a poet, even of those recent days, to spend his life and prodigal talents carving intricate rhyme, concocting wedding-cake verses and the millinery of poetry. Like famous Parisian costumers, this school turned to the lighter, more external aspects of life—but not more transitory, witness the immortal Horace—and fixed them in perfect settings. Waller's "Go, Lovely Rose," Lovelace's "To Lucasta in Prison," Herrick's "A Sweet Disorder in the Dress," Hunt's "Jenny Kissed Me When We Met" are kin of Lampson's "To My Grandmother" and Dobson's to "Une Marquise." The eternal anacreontic strain tinkled through them all, the "Gather ye rosebuds while ye may." Folk-song went in for this form, no less than the sophisticated. No race or clime was ever free of coquetry with the deeper emotions, with the scintillating reflections upon the surface of tragic things.

What killed this porcelain shepherdess muse, then, who herded her bisque sheep so long on the Elysian fields, and what of her cavalier forever posing in a languishing attitude, hand over his colored waistcoat and fingers lightly poised upon his clay viol d'amore? Some say democracy, the undiscriminating vulgus that makes demands for the beefsteak of sentiment. Others maintain that the shepherdess drifted out of touch with life, that she did not prove adaptable to trams, subways, stock exchanges, and motors. Another group of critics contends that it was the dying out of talent for perfect form, the petering out of the guild which could make filigree of words, which is saying there were no more strong, self-respecting talents eager to devote a lifetime to the inlaying of triolets, pantoums, canzonettes. Somebody ventures the explanation that the advent of Kipling with his rough hurly-burly of balladry served the boudoir bards with their eviction papers. Possibly his hot monsoon, blowing out of the mystic East, may have dealt the *coup de grâce* to the graceful lyricists.

Those of us who are old-fashioned enough to miss the delicate sachet of polite verse must then content ourselves, until happier days bring recrudescence of poetic rouge and patches, with our old favorites. We find consolation in the knowledge that Shakespeare and his kind were with us in our over-refinements, even in the blood-and-iron days of the Armada, when the more truculently insolent a cavalier was the more exquisite his manners. "And I touch as I end the refrain," lightly chirruped Cyrano with his sword-point in his adversary's heart.

> Sigh no more, ladies, sigh no more;
> Men were deceivers ever;
> One foot in sea, and one on shore,
> To one thing constant never—

sang the greatest society poet of them all, on a silver lute. "Oh, no," protests the defender of greatness, "that goes too deep in, this is not the froth of life. . . ." When the shepherdess drops a real tear, then, say the Dame Grundys of criticism, she ceases to be of clay, and becomes Heloise. Yet Watteau painted real *Sehnsucht* in the hearts of his high-rouged dames; under their stays beat hearts hungry for Arcadia. Austin Dobson, beneath the varnished smiles, touched very deep chords in "Good-night, Babette." It is hard to be scolded for not being human, and then to be told that one's tears are glass imitations.

Ours it is who to-day remember and still ruminate on the goddess's charm and potency to see that her little Trianon be not too completely abandoned, that the little domed roof be kept in repair, the columns upright, and the cloth petals of the flowers dusted. Perhaps, when a reaction comes towards unreality, that unreality built on the body of reality, that artificiality which then becomes most touching when real moisture hangs on her darkened eyelashes, perhaps then there will be a poetic pilgrimage back to Goddess Columbine's temple. A wonder shall then be seen, the shrine as gay and bright as of old, a festooned Pan and Dresden satyrs gambolling all about on the close-clipt lawns, the tinkle of porcelain music in the air, and within the goddess pirouetting as in Louis the Fifteenth's time. And people will learn again that she is a part of the religion of the æsthetic, and rejoice to make high carnival in her honor.

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# Democratic Imperialism in Japan

EVER since the overthrow of the Romanoff dynasty in Russia, there has been no little conjecture as to what effect the present democratic tendency in the world might have upon Japan. Moreover, the entry of America into the war for the distinctly and positively avowed purpose of aiding the cause of democracy seemed to intensify the problem. For instance, when the Genro ("Elder Statesmen") suddenly appeared in the capital just after the Russian Revolution, it caused a sensation; and it was currently reported that Yamagata had become anxious and was really worried over the democratic tendency apparently gaining power in the political, social, educational, and religious affairs of Japan as a sequence of the general world tendency.

That this anxiety was not baseless seemed to be confirmed by an editorial in the *Jiji Shimpo*, one of the sanest and strongest papers in Tokio. It took great pains to refute the theory, prevalent to some extent in Japan, that the development of democratic ideas causes the decline of the patriotic spirit and thus endangers the foundation of the Empire. It cited the strong loyalty and patriotism of the English, who are reputed to hold the most progressive and democratic ideas. (And, if it were writing now, it could cite another strong example—that of the patriotism of the great American democratic republic.) And the paper concluded by affirming that the Japanese need feel no anxiety on account of fears arising from so erroneous a conception of democraticism.

When Mr. H. G. Wells ventured upon his suggestion that Great Britain might find it necessary to abolish the monarchy and establish a republic, the *Japan Times*, an English daily, owned, managed, and edited by Japanese, took pains to make an editorial comment on the "current fad" to accentuate liberty and democracy, and it deplored the accompanying tendency to look askance at "crowned heads." It contended that Japan, while strongly imperialistic, was also democratic, and affirmed that the relations of Japanese towards the sovereign were neither abject submission nor servile devotion, but profound reverence, loyalty, and obedience. The editorial also expressed the belief that it is absolutely necessary for peoples and races to have some system to furnish a rallying-point for the cultivation and perpetuation of the spirit of reverence and obedience. It affirmed most positively that the Japanese looked up to their Imperial House as the fountain-head of the spirit which is vital to the healthy moral life of the nation; and it insisted that the Imperial régime and democracy can coexist and are complementary in promoting the well-being of the Japanese people.

It has also been pointed out and explained by both writers and speakers that a "democracy" must be distinguished from a "republic," with which it is not necessarily synonymous, and that the democratic spirit may flourish under many (or all) forms of government. It is acknowledged that France is democratic under a form of republican government more aristocratic, more centripetal and limited than that of the United States. It is acknowledged that Great Britain is democratic while monarchical, as the King is not much more than a figurehead. It is, therefore, strongly stated here that Japan, under an Imperial form of government, wherein the Emperor refrains from exercising personally administrative functions and delegates his authority to others, is more or less democratic in spirit.

It is certainly true that the democratic spirit is spreading and becoming more powerful in Japan. There are, indeed, nominally three classes in society (nobility, gentry, and common people), but practically these distinctions are not strictly maintained. Naturally, the nobility still retain some special privileges; but the gentry and the common people are in general undistinguishable. Even the nobility may find their titles of no special advantage. They may be so impecunious that they are forced to ride with plebeians in the "awfully" democratic tram-car. A count who is in so democratic an institution as a school does not receive special treatment and may himself be of no account in comparison with his scholarly untitled classmate. Let me say, too, that men like Marquis Saionji (ex-Premier) and Prince Tokugawa (President of the House of Peers), while they are, of course, blue-blooded aristocrats, like old Roman patricians, are also very democratic in spirit and in demeanor. Moreover, they are leaders, not merely because they are aristocrats, but because they are men of real ability. And while the old power of feudalism is not entirely broken in New Japan, and while bureaucracy and nepotism are still strong, yet merit is more and more gaining recognition. While the "pull" of favoritism is still powerful, the pull of ability is becoming stronger. As ever and everywhere, education is a mighty factor in the levelling process that is going on; and it is producing not merely a levelling down but also a levelling up.

On the other hand, it must be noted that, in the political world of Japan, the democratic tendency has suffered a setback. Only a few days ago, Mr. Ozaki, one of the great champions of constitutionalism, spoke to Premier Terauchi in the House of Representatives as follows: "While democracy is overcoming autocracy in all other parts of the world, in Japan and China bureaucracy still predominates over freer political ideas. Why is it?" And the Premier is reported to have made the astounding reply that "he could not discern such political tendencies in the world as Mr. Ozaki had described!" If the Japanese bureaucrats, blind to the spirit of the times, continue to repress that spirit, it is greatly to be feared that an explosion will be the result.

It certainly cannot be denied that the democratic tendency or trend of the day is influencing Japan, which is always very sensitive to great world movements. The only question is how much this growing influence will affect Japanese Imperialism. Mr. Tokutomi, the able editor of the *Kokumin Shimbun (Nation)*, of Tokio, in the book "Japan to America" (pp. 100-103), has set forth "Centripetal Mikadoism" as the great feature of Japanese civilization. He says: "Our imperialism, our democraticism, our socialism—all these centre upon a single principle, and it is 'centripetal Mikadoism,' as we express it and advocate it. . . . The Mikado is the centre of our nation. Considered as a body politic, it has him as its sovereign; considered as a distinct race, it has him as its leader; considered as a social community, it has him as its nucleus." He attributed "the great socio-economic revolution, unparalleled in the world's history," when the Japanese feudal lords returned their fiefs to the Emperor, to the "automatic process" of that "cen-

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tripetal Mikadoism." And he says, that while the sovereigns of other nations are only "the hat," which "may be changed," "ours is the head"; and "the head, once gone, the body itself would die."

The present governmental system of Japan may be called "Constitutional Imperialism," in which the Imperial function is modified by constitutional features. It may, therefore, be appropriate to denominate the condition whereby democratic features have been, and are, modifying the Imperial form, but not its spirit, by the apparently but not really paradoxical phrase, "Democratic Imperialism."

ERNEST W. CLEMENT

*Tokio, July 2*

# Glimpses of Early Prussianism

RARELY has a lapse of one hundred and thirty-six years brought fewer changes in the life, ambitions, and policies of a great kingdom than has the period since Francis Dana, of Massachusetts, the first American Minister to Russia, travelled leisurely through the domains of Frederick the Great of Prussia to the court of Catherine. In 1781 the founder of modern Prussianism was rounding out the last decade of his eventful life, encompassed by the first fruits of a governmental system destined to reach its climax only after a century and a third of persistent, relentless effort. Francis Dana* searched the very fundamentals of this system with the candid eye of an American colonist fresh from the struggles and ideals of our revolution. If his verdict, as set down in his private journal, casts but small glamour over the Hohenzollern legend, it is only fair to say that his observations were no more hostile than those inspired by the present world revolt against autocracy, and that the lesson they carry to-day is no less forceful and timely because of its sweeping perspective.

The summer of 1781 found Prussia at profound peace surrounded by a world in arms. Russia and the Scandinavian countries had linked their fortunes in an "armed neutrality" to protect their commerce. France and the United States were allied to break the British hold on North America, while Holland and Great Britain and Spain were engaged in a desperate struggle on the high seas. The French Revolution had not yet called forth the ominous Holy Alliance. Napoleon still chafed in youthful obscurity. But the entire world was restless. National policies shifted vaguely, wholly unprepared for the birth agonies of the next thirty years. Prussia alone, under her greatest ruler, seized this moment to establish the plans for a new world empire to be founded on iron autocracy and efficiency at home and thorough subjugation abroad. Frederick pointed his hundreds of brass cannon to a fixed national ambition. And at home he hammered out the rules of domestic order with an absolutism that forced Dana to exclaim†: "As to his abilities for legislation, I leave those to extol them who can give the name of laws to the arbitrary and capricious regulations of as complete a despot as hath ever been sent into this world for a curse to mankind!"

Yet Dana could not repress a certain admiration for the perfect military machine of the great Prussian. Indeed, throughout the journal we find that alternate praise and censure so often expressed by students of modern Germany. After viewing the Berlin foundry, for example, "where they are almost constantly at work upon brass artillery," Dana writes that "seeing these will give you an idea of all the rest, and of that perfect order which runs through all of the King's military arrangements. You do not indeed here see anything like that striking and beautiful disposition of arms which you find in the Tower of London. Use and convenience alone are attended to by this great soldier."

At the time of Frederick's death, the Prussian army numbered about 200,000 men, which was a formidable force for that day, all the more impressive when maintained by so small a state as Prussia. Dana places the King's army at about 230,000 men, which was evidently the figure commonly accepted in Berlin at that time. This army completely dominated Prussian life. Even in the city of Berlin itself, which Dana considered "the prettiest city I have anywhere seen," he is forced to acknowledge that "the arsenal is the most complete of any public building, and the new library next." The arsenal "is a superb square building, having a court within. The lower part is full of brass artillery of various kinds, completely fixed and ready for use, mostly new, with wagons, forges, etc. The upper part contains light arms of every kind, properly regimented."

Admirers of the modern German army are wont to point out as an illustration of its perfect mechanism that fresh water has been placed in the canteens of the reservists every day since the war of 1870. But even this is not an extraordinary improvement on the system of Frederick, if we accept Dana's statement that "when the soldiers enter upon their furlough, their uniforms, arms, and every accoutrement are lodged in certain magazines in the most exact order, those of each regiment by themselves. Besides those which are in use, there is always another set of accoutrements, arranged in the same order, in the magazines or arsenals; so that in case of a sudden and total loss of those in use, the troops can be immediately supplied with every article complete."

Far more significant, however, than the mere size and splendid equipment of Frederick's army, and reaching to the very bottom of modern Prussian militarism, stood the skeleton upon which he built that army and brought into being an all-powerful officer caste. Dana's journal uncovers every last bone of the skeleton. A small part of Frederick's army, he says, consisted of foreigners; the rest "is made up in this manner: Every family, generally speaking, has all its males enrolled who, under the exception mentioned hereafter, are obliged to serve. The father

*Francis Dana (1743-1811) was appointed our first Minister to Russia in December, 1780. He had been a leader of the Sons of Liberty and a member of the first Provincial Congress of Massachusetts, later a delegate to the Continental Congress (1776-78), and chairman of the committee which that Congress appointed to confer with Washington at Valley Forge on army reorganization. At the close of his Russian mission, Mr. Dana was again chosen a delegate to Congress, and in January, 1785, appointed a Justice of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts. He was Chief Justice of that Court from 1791-1806, and, in the words of the Encyclopædia Britannica, "presided with ability and rare distinction."

†I have taken the liberty of modernizing the spelling and punctuation of the journal, and of correcting one or two verbal errors obviously occasioned by its hasty composition under trying conditions of the road.

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of the family and one son, the oldest, are exempt, but all the rest must join the army when called upon. The King has the most certain and expeditious way in the work of recruiting his army. Each regiment has its particular district. They consist of 2,000 men each, and are always kept complete; whenever a vacancy happens, it is immediately filled by calling upon some subject of a proper age and size, who, from that time, becomes a soldier for life."

This, of course, was not peculiarly Prussian. That which distinguished Frederick's system from mere universal liability to service was the elaborate thoroughness with which he separated the conscript private from the ruling officer caste, and imposed the entire military machine, officers and men, upon the meek civilian population. Thus, says Dana, the King's troops "are stationed in almost every town and village of his dominions, but you see no barracks, as they are quartered upon the inhabitants. There are 20,000 in Berlin. But this army is not kept constantly embodied, the foreigners only are so. The native troops have a furlough of nine months in the year, during which time their pay, which is only . . . equal to 1-5 of an English shilling (a day), out of which they furnish themselves with all kinds of provisions, ceases: the King, or rather, the people upon whom they are quartered, supply them with firing, candles, and lodging."

And more curious still was the disposition made of this princely allowance of 5 cents a day while the troops were on furlough. "The stopped pay," says Dana, "is given in part to the Captains, and makes the principal profit of those officers. The King takes the residue." This brings us, in fact, very near to the bare bone of Prussianism. "It is not to be imagined, however," adds Dana, "that the King, who is a great economist, saves only the residue which he actually receives of the stopped pay of the soldier. He, by the portion allowed to his captains, is enabled to fix the pay of all the Subalterns of his army at a very low rate, who are held only by the expectation of obtaining companies, when they consider their fortune as made, by their portion of the stopped pay."

Nor did the King manage less astutely in training his officers, and in selecting out those classes which were to expect his favor. He conducted "a military institution in Berlin for the education of the sons of officers, and others whose circumstances in life are rather low. They are here instructed in the principles of the military art, and as soon as they are of a proper age they are placed in the army, where they serve several years, generally as non-commissioned officers, and are promoted according to their merit and as occasion offers." This was the arduous career of the middle class, but not of those nearer the royal presence, for, writes Dana, "there is also another institution of the sort for the education of the sons of the Nobility and Gentry of fortune, at their own expense; these are *at once introduced into the army as commissioned officers*" (italics mine).

No less astounding than this military system did Francis Dana find Frederick's policy towards the weaker cities skirting the Baltic. To-day we hear much of post-bellum commercial treaties. Germany recently hinted that she would be willing to restore Belgium and northern France as terms of peace. She did not hint whether that restoration would be commercial as well as political. Dana gives us a timely picture of the method once pursued by Prussia to ruin the prosperity of a small and nominally independent state, and thus to blackmail it into seeking an alliance with Prussia. Danzig, a "free city" under "the protection of Poland," drew Dana's special sympathy.

"This is a very ancient city," he writes, "and has been considerable for its strength, its wealth, and its commerce, but it is no longer so since the King of Prussia, in virtue of the late partition of Poland stipulated between the Empress of Russia, himself and the late Empress of Hungary and Bohemia, hath seized upon all the neighboring territory and practices every possible means to cramp and ruin the commerce of Dantzick. He has prohibited the productions of the neighboring country now under his protection to be exported through Dantzick, with a view of turning them into Marienbourg, Elbing and Königsberg."

These latter towns were of course Prussian. Elbing today, it might be noted, turns out large numbers of torpedo boats and submarines for the German navy. Before Prussia began to strangle Danzig, Dana tells us that "all the productions of Poland, such as grain of all kinds, salt, honey, wax, wool, skins, salt meats, potash, hemp, flax, timber, plank, and wood, were first sent down the Vistula to the merchants of Dantzick when they were exported; but now the commerce of the city chiefly depends upon the heavy articles of timber, plank, wood (oak and firs) and of some grain. Shipbuilding is a considerable article also. Had the King of Prussia reduced Dantzick and annexed it to his portion of Poland he would have been able to regulate all the exports of Great Poland. In the treaty of commerce which he has lately concluded with the Republic of Poland, it is stipulated that all the merchandise imported from the ports and towns of Prussia into Poland shall pay only 2 per cent. duty, but those landed at Dantzick and from thence brought into Poland (the whole passing through his territory) *shall pay 12 per cent.*" (italics mine).

Nor do we gather from Dana's observations that the King was altogether wise even in his treatment of Prussian towns. About four days after leaving Danzig, Dana arrived at Königsberg, the real capital of Prussia. This town, he says, "was taken in 1757 by the Russians under General Fermer, who laid its whole territories under contribution. . . . The citizens of Königsberg do that justice to the Russians to say that during their possession of this country, they conducted very well, and left it richer than they found it." Indeed, Königsberg's worst enemy proved to be the Prussian King, who, by his "injudicious conduct" in later years, "injured much" its flourishing trade with Poland.

The folly of the King lay in establishing "monopolies, particularly of sugar and foreign salt," which the city "used to furnish to the Poles. So that these articles cannot now be imported but by particular companies who reside at Berlin. The salt is to be imported by one company and sold to another, at a fixed rate, while this last is at liberty to sell it at as great a price as they can to the Poles; for it is to be noted that the King, possessing great salt works at Halle, does not suffer his own subjects to make use of any foreign salt, upon pain of perpetual imprisonment. This imprudent monopoly of the salt has so enhanced the price of it that Poles now obtain considerable quantities of that article from Riga, and other ports in Russia; which, of course, diverts the trade from Königsberg. This gives us no favorable idea of the King's commercial systems. Monopolies are the bane of all commerce."

The common belief was, moreover, that the King either sold these monopolies or partook of their profits, thus mak-

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ing "an immediate gain to himself; for it is generally agreed," says Dana, "that avarice is become almost his dominant passion. Foreigners resident are not allowed to trade here but through the proper subjects of the King, yet this Government is so tyrannical that they do not seek to be naturalized, choosing rather to suffer this inconvenience than expose themselves to greater ones."

It is, of course, grossly unfair to suppose that modern Germany would or could put into practice regulations so stringent and unjust as those imposed upon a meek people by the first great Prussian. Yet tendencies often persist where specific policies die. The broad inspiration of the Monroe Doctrine has survived even a civil war in the United States. Still more have the imperialistic ambitions of Frederick the Great survived the conquests of Napoleon, the weaknesses of Frederick William, the common-sense of Bismarck, and even the dark tragedy of the present war. Prussian autocracy is not content even to-day with efficiency at home. It still points its thousands of steel cannon to a fixed national ambition, and the personal traits of the Hohenzollern family have not vanished with time. Hence not the least value of Francis Dana's journal lies in its brief report of the singular attitude of King Frederick to his own people. It rings a challenge to the world even to-day. "The King," says Dana, "if we are to judge from the conversation which is held of him in his capital, and which is very free there, is generally hated by his subjects, who consider him as unfeeling a tyrant as ever existed, and themselves borne down by the enormous weight of his stupendous military system. But to his will there is everywhere the most exact obedience paid. I was told that he had been informed of this freedom of speech against himself, yet fearing no danger to his authority could arise from it, he had the good sense to notice it only by saying, 'Let my subjects *say* what they will, while they *do* what *I* will.'"

RICHARD DANA SKINNER

# Correspondence

## CHILDREN AND FOOD CONSERVATION

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: At the present time when the campaign for food conservation is being organized and all available persons are being enlisted to serve in it, there is one very important—and available—group of citizens that should not be overlooked: namely, the children. Even a careless housekeeper wastes less food than a child; even a nervous invalid of the "hungry" type eats less often, merely for occupation. We not only should secure the coöperation of the children in our efforts to save food, we really cannot afford not to do it. The question is "How?" It goes without saying that we must proceed rather differently than we do in the case of men and women. The promise of recipes from Washington, which so appeals to housekeepers, would scarcely interest children, even little girls. The financial argument, so potent with men, they could scarcely understand—what, then, can we do? I mean in addition to a certain legitimate control and discipline, what can we do?

This is not a rhetorical nor an academic question. I live in a city and in a neighborhood in which there are a great many children (Cambridge, Mass.). Their parents in most cases are thoughtful and patriotic members of the professional class, willing and eager to conserve food to the very limits of their several abilities. They very soon, after beginning to practice this, realized that they could not do it without the help of their children, so they asked, "How?" They asked it not only of themselves and of one another, but of any one and every one of their acquaintance, among whose friends were children. Being one such person, they inquired of me.

This is what we have done. First, in informal meetings we discussed what *particular, definite* things the children of our circle could do. Then we determined upon *particular, definite* methods of interesting the children to do these things; for, as every one knows who has dealt with children, it is the particular and the definite to which they respond. We decided to tell the children at meal times, and at times between meals, when they either were having or desiring food, that food that will "keep," especially sugar, and the wheat of which bread is made, must be saved for the soldiers; and so, those of us who are not soldiers must eat as little sugar and as little bread as we can, and waste none. In order to get enough nourishment to live and grow and work and play, we must eat *other* things that will not keep, such as fruit and vegetables. The great importance of giving this information at meal times, or when food is requested, is that the children can immediately put it into active use, and form at one and the same time a habit of mind and a habit of behavior in the matter.

This simple procedure has been amazingly effective. One of my neighbors told me that her little girl, who has hitherto with great difficulty been persuaded to eat corn bread, voluntarily takes it now, in preference to wheat bread, even when both are offered her—saying, "If I eat corn bread, the other bread will last longer, and there will be more wheat left for the soldiers."

Another neighbor, whose little boy is accustomed to the practice of abstaining from a particularly liked article of food during Lent, and putting the money thereby saved into a mite box for an Easter offering, informed me that *her* child had announced his intention of giving up sugar until the end of the war. (Of course, a working arrangement was made whereby he is giving it up only partially.) He was at once able to understand the question of food conservation when it was *concretely* presented to him.

My relationships with children are limited, now, to calls and visits, but even so I was able to do my part. For instance, two boys with their mother spent the night with me not long ago. Coming from a far-away State, they listened with almost as much interest as their mother as I told, on the evening of their arrival, about the young food conservators of our neighborhood. The next morning at breakfast they both ate very meagrely indeed of their favorite jam, which had been especially provided for them; and at luncheon they asked me if the green peas were fresh or canned, so quickly had they seized the idea, and moreover begun to put it in practice, of saving anything and everything in the way of foodstuffs that keep which could possibly be saved.

They were not very little boys; but a very little boy indeed, only five years old, who often comes to see me, as quickly fell into line. He lives near by, and has the habit of dropping in at tea time. On winter days I usually give him cambric tea, made of hot water, lemon, and sugar; and on summer days, lemonade, together with two crackers, the limit of his ration at that hour of the day. Not long after we began our food-conservation campaign among

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the children, he happened in. It was a very warm day, and presently I said, "We are going to have some iced tea now, and you your lemonade." He came out into the kitchenette and looked on while preparations were being made. When a lemon was brought out and he knew that his drink was about to be made, he said, "Lemonade takes so much sugar, I b'lieve I'll just have water with a piece of ice in it and four raspberries on top. Then there will be more sugar for the soldiers over in the Stadium." Furthermore, when the plate of crackers was handed him, he took only one, leaving the second one, as he said, for those same soldiers.

Not only have the children of our vicinity become not wasteful at all, they have become something very much more—and that is, saving. Not only has this happened in relation to the actual food set before them, as I have described, but in relation to money spent for food. Even in so really excellent a neighborhood as ours, the children all too frequently have pennies to spend as they like; and very much too often, as their parents are the first to agree, they spend those pennies for candy. In most cases this is reasonably good candy—but that is about all that one can say. Since we have been trying to make food conservators of the children there has been an astonishing change in this respect.

One little girl, of a very sturdy habit of mind, has taken to saving her casual pennies in an old tin bank, with the intention of sending them to the Red Cross Society when she has a hundred. This high level of achievement is perhaps too much to expect of many small children, especially all at once or within a few months! What happened the other day in the case of another little girl is not only more typical, but perhaps more nearly what we must usually expect to secure in this direction. I met her in a fruit-shop in Harvard Square, penny in hand. "I decided not to get candy," she informed me, "because of saving the sugar. I think I'll get a banana, maybe—they don't keep, and you can't make preserves or jelly out of them, or put them up in cans."

It just so happened that, as she finished speaking, there was a tramp of feet outside. We went to the door of the little fruit-shop. There was the Harvard Regiment, passing through the Square on the way to the Stadium, to drill. "Look!" cried the child, "there go the soldiers—they are going to fight for us, and we must save plenty for them to eat, so they can!"

And this brings me to the real reason why we have been so successful in gaining the active coöperation of even our very small children in conserving food. They have seen, they do see the soldiers for whom they are denying themselves. They are actual, definite persons, marching by very frequently in actual, visible formation. More than any amount of wise talking about patriotic duty, the sight of the soldiers has helped us to help the children to help their country.

There are children everywhere all over this great land, and there are soldiers, few, or many, but soldiers. In order to gain, as we should, and must, the active support of the children in our food-conservation campaign, let us make clear the mutual dependence of the one group upon the other, and the mutual duty of the one to the other. This will effect the immediate thing with which we are concerned, namely, the conservation of food on the part of those who are naturally most wasteful in this regard. And it may achieve a less immediate but vastly important thing; and that is the raising up of a new generation, with those careful, thrifty, even frugal habits in connection with the use of foodstuffs (not to say other things) which we, of this present generation, have now such very deep cause to wish *we* had been trained to have.

ELIZABETH MCCRACKEN

*Cambridge, Mass., July 19*

## "PACIFIST" OR "PACIFICIST"

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: We are sometimes told that the word "pacifist" is not a correct word, and that we should use instead the word "pacificist." Neither of these, as it happens, is to be found in Webster's Dictionary, nor the Standard, nor the Century, nor the Oxford. I have never seen any discussion of the question which seemed to me at all satisfactory.

There seems no doubt that a new word was necessary to express the meaning commonly conveyed in "pacifist." A pacifist is not the same as a pacifier or a pacificator. The word does not express agency or action, but rather adherence to or belief in a policy, for which we employ the term "pacifism" (or "pacificism"). If the word "pacific" could have been used as a noun as well as an adjective, like "Catholic," or "Stoic," it would have done admirably; but the temper of our time seems to prefer words ending in "-ist" for such purposes. Ists and isms abound in current English.

Now to make an -ist or -ism out of the word "pacific"—how shall it be done? How is it usually done? The answer is that it is not usually done. "Pacific" comes from the Latin *pacificus*, which is derived from *pac-*, the stem of *pax*, peace, and the syllable *-fic-*, which is a weak form of the root of *facio*, make. Pacific means primarily peace-making. There are in classical Latin something like one hundred words ending in *-ficus*, of which thirty-four are recognized in English ("terrific" and the like), and of these thirty-four eleven are already obsolete. It is true that there are many more such, formed on Latin stems, which are not found in classical Latin ("scientific," "soporific," etc.). But none of these, to my knowledge, has ever been formed into -ism or -ist words.

Theoretically, there is no question but that we should say "pacificist" and "pacificism," just as we say "publicist" and "Catholicism." But a false sense of analogy has made itself felt in this case. People think of economic, economist; lyric, lyrist; philanthropic, philanthropist; and so they say pacific, pacifist. The analogy is false because "pacific," as mentioned above, is formed with the suffix *-fic* and not with the suffix *-ic*, which usually represents the Greek *-ικός*. It is common, though not invariable, in the case of these words derived from the Greek, for the *-ic* to be dropped before the *-ist* or *-ism* is added. So that, although we are quite justified in saying "heroism" instead of "heroicism," we ought not to say "pacifism," but "pacificism." There is no sense in cutting off the *-ic* of *fic* and leaving the lone *f* remaining.

Added to the false sense of analogy is a phonetic reason of some weight. "Pacifism" is shorter and easier to say than "pacificism," and the contraction avoids one of a rather disagreeable series of sibilants.

So much for the theory. "Pacificist" is logical, "pacifist" is illogical. But language is not constructed on logical principles. The Genius of the Language, says L. P. Smith in "The English Language," is "often capricious in its working, and not all of its results are worthy of approval. . . .

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It is not the grammarians or philologists who form or carry out its decisions . . . great writers . . . can only select popular forms, or at the most suggest new ones; but the adoption or rejection of these depends on the enactments of the popular will, whose decrees, carried in no legislature and subject to no veto, are final and without appeal."

"Pacifist" and "pacifism" are heard from the pulpit, seen in the press; and, however wrongly formed, are secure in the usage of the vast majority of educated Americans. It is useless to protest. ARTHUR H. WESTON

*New Haven, Conn., July 25*

# Verhaeren, Claudel, Cammaerts

*The Plays of Emile Verhaeren.* Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $1.50 net.

*The Sunlit Hours. Afternoon.* [Two books.] By Emile Verhaeren. Translated by Charles R. Murphy. New York: John Lane Company. $1 net each.

*The Love Poems of Emile Verhaeren.* Translated by F. S. Flint. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $1.25 net.

*The Tidings Brought to Mary:* A Mystery. By Paul Claudel. Translated by Louise Morgan Sill. New Haven: Yale University Press. $1.50 net.

*New Belgian Poems.* By Emile Cammaerts. Translated by Tita Brand-Cammaerts. New York: John Lane Company. $1.25 net.

*Eleven Poems of Rubén Darío.* Translations by Thomas Walsh and Salomón de la Selva. Introduction by Pedro Henriquez-Ureña. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 75 cents.

*Chinese Lyrics.* By Pai Ta-Shun. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $5.

*The Heart of Buddhism:* An Anthology of Buddhist Verse. By K. J. Saunders. Oxford University Press. 1s. 6d. net.

*Rajani:* Songs of the Night. By Dhan Gopal Mukerji. San Francisco: Paul Elder & Company. $1 net.

*The Cycle of Spring.* By Rabindranath Tagore. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.25.

THE four translations of Verhaeren's plays slope downward from excellence in Mr. Symons and Mr. Osman Edwards to adequacy in Mr. Flint and inadequacy in Mr. Bithell. As fabrics all four plays are indefensible, their structural failure arising less from a specific incapacity for drama than from a general incompetence for structure. The dramatic instinct is visible—in tatters. The rending and riving themes which we willingly call dramatic are conspicuous in the entire group. "The Dawn" reddens the sky with fire and the earth with blood; in "The Cloister" a son has killed a father; in "Philip II" a father kills a son; in "Helen of Sparta" Ovidian salacity is matched by Senecan goriness. The style, to which verse is commonly superadded, exhibits spires and tongues of flame, but, like the plots, is deficient in consecutive and advancing energy.

The chief point in the characterization is the reappearance of an old and senile type, the Werther-René-Alastor-Chastelard species, a species that is half wind, half water, in a form in which both its flaw and its thaw are painfully exaggerated. Add a fatuity or self-hugging, almost peculiar to Verhaeren among moderns, of which Helen's "See the tears in my beautiful eyes up-welling" may be cited as an unforgettable instance.

A word will suffice for each play. In "Philip II" the dramatic invitations of the powerful though sinister theme are rejected with a consistency that is almost impressive. In "The Dawn," where the superman is cast as socialist and martyr, the dissolution, the dishevelment, are extraordinary; and the harm is doubled by the incongruity which has made the form of the play political and diplomatic, while its spirit is rhapsodic and visionary. In "Helen of Sparta" the mixture of types is even more remarkable. A pastoral idyl of real beauty is employed as the setting of a melodrama of unimaginable lewdness and violence, and this, in turn, is merely the illustration of an idea which as idea is legitimate and powerful. The distance between "Helen" and great art is vast, yet one suspects that in the beginnings of gestation the embryo of "Helen of Sparta" was not unlike the embryo of a great drama.

"The Cloister," by far the best of the quartet, is one of those plays which include, without really possessing, great values. Monks, like the columns whose shadow they haunt, are ordinarily viewed in a serried perspective in which feature is lost in uniformity. Verhaeren has boldly and wisely dramatized the cloister by admitting to its walls the conspiring and colliding passions which vivify the forum and the saloon. High satiric comedy should be the outcome, but an occasion had to be supplied for these entanglements and contentions, and the occasion chosen is so powerful and exciting as to relegate the better and quieter material to the second plane and attach the stronger interest to the minor values. A credible and forcible comedy has been almost ejected from the stage by an inferior tragedy which obtained entrance as its servant.

Verhaeren's love-lyrics are a very different matter. In times like ours, when the passion of love has fallen into evil ways, when Aphrodite has lost the cestus with the robe which its pressure should have bound, it is inspiriting to read "The Sunlit Hours." I take the literature on its face, as literature should be taken, without testing it by any ignoble reference to that eavesdropping and backbiting jade who poses as Biography. This man adds another to the immortal line of great witnesses who emerge at intervals to abash our skepticism with fresh proofs that loftiness and ardor, that purity and rapture, may interfuse in a passion which they combine to ennoble. The test of depth is duration, and the two later series, "Afternoon" ("The Hours of Afternoon") and "The Hours of Evening," while less distinguished as poetry, are even more precious as testimonials than the glowing outpour of the facile prime. The imaginative splendor of the best moments may be divined from the following: "The last gray ashes of unwilling night"; "The shadows where the aged eve Holds the black night in leash"; "The tall trees stride, Each with its shadow, long and blue and lonely, by its side." Both translations are attractive, Mr. Flint's covering Mr. Murphy's material with additions, and Mr. Murphy's diction surpassing Mr. Flint's.

The discovery of the month for me has been M. Claudel's "Mystery." Its faults are grave and many, but its high places are beautiful with what I can only describe as a stillness in warmth, a solemnity in passion, which com-

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bines in the same picture the zest of actuality and the augustness of commemoration. The characters speak in bell-notes; the sacramental atmosphere recalls the "Morte d'Arthur" and the "Parsifal." The nucléus is banal. Two sisters (in fifteenth-century France) love the same man, one wins him by maligning the other, the victim dies after years of magnanimous silence, and the tardily enlightened husband grants a reluctant pardon to his wife. These platitudes glow under M. Claudel's igniting touch, and the play needed a large and simple handling which should give "ample room and verge enough" for the disclosure of its spiritual opulence. But M. Claudel is the possessor, not to say the chattel, of a rich, varied, eccentric, and desultory imagination, and, for no end except the joy in plenty, he adds to his work the emblazonment of art, the shudder of melodrama, the glitter of miracle, and the rumble of martial history in the palpitating background. M. Claudel can deny himself nothing. The good sister's leprosy is inimical to the play, because it blunts the dramatic edge both of her sacrifice and of the bad sister's treachery, but its picturesqueness and strangeness are enticing, and M. Claudel has a child's willingness to be enticed. A related fault is the motionless situation: he can dismiss nothing; and, in the procrastination of the unbearable conclusion, the drama nearly perishes like Tithonus from the attenuation that follows perpetuity.

These are painful disenchantments, but the power of the writer recaptures our fleeing admiration by the masterly portrait of the younger sister, the unscrupulous and unremorseful Mara. The other characters are not so much persons as mellow and cadenced voices, but Mara has the largeness and dignity inseparable from any being, however base, whose relation to the universe is simple and absolute. She follows wickedness with a sort of piety: she is *ordained* to the rapine which she commits. M. Claudel may rejoice in his achievement.

Emile Cammaerts is a man to be glad of; his neighborhood is sanative and cordial. His new volume furnishes tablets or plaques of simple, often homely, life in Belgium, in outlines not the less clear and sharp for that enbosomment of feeling in which they gleam, but neither blur nor tremble. He loves the fact, and the plainness of the fact, like Béranger. He has the secret of the copious and various noun, the rare and sifted adjective. He has an instinctive and incurable light-heartedness perceptible even through his glooms and indignations, like that bird in a passage in Dickens which twitters innocently in the chamber where its owner lies dead. I quote a passage (in the original) from a poem called "L'Amour de la Patrie":

> C'est ce qu'on mange et ce qu'on voit,
> Ce qu'on respire, ce qu'on entend.
> C'est le goût du pain et du tabac,
> L'éclat des feuilles, l'odeur du vent
> Et les bruits familiers du village:
> Les chiens qui aboient, les gens qui s'appellent,
> Et le joyeux tapage
> Des verres sous la tonnelle . . .
> C'est tout ce qu'on ne peut pas dire
> Et tout ce qu'on sent,
> Tout ce qu'on ne peut traduire,
> Qu'en le chantant.

All this is so good and so *right;* it probes the roots of patriotism. A man can die for his fireplace, die conceivably for his donkey-cart. Who could die for an automobile or a radiator?

We are told by Pedro Henriquez-Ureña in an agreeable and scholarly introduction to a skilfully edited book that Rubén Darío (1867-1916) was a liberator of Spanish verse from the traditions which straitened its prosody and confined its style. That a Nicaraguan should open a "New World" to Spanish phrase and metre is appropriate enough. These are technical merits on which the foreigner, being mainly deaf, should be wholly dumb. In other points, I find these poems reverent of literature, allusively classical, picturesquely religious, racially rather than personally voluptuous, a little unshaded, a little unstinted. They have that downpour of imagery, that cascade of beauties, of which the Northern temper is slightly distrustful, except where, as in "Lear" and "Hamlet" and the Gothic cathedrals, it employs largeness and shadow as the counterpoise to profusion. Eleven poems, however, cannot embrace or test a man, particularly when the reader hesitates between the rushlight of his own imperfect Spanish and the charity of English renderings which are sometimes of real worth, sometimes bad beyond credence or pardon.

It is fitting that poems written by a Chinaman for *Harper's Weekly* should clothe Occidental motives in Oriental raiment. The lyrics are shy, delicate, and tuneful, and so congruous with our tradition that "Wild Geese" might have passed without question for an unpublished lyric by Longfellow.

"The Heart of Buddhism" supplies the curious layman with easy, pleasant, and by no means ineffectual instruction in the Buddhistic faith by an anthology of brief selections from its verse.

The "Rajani" of Dhan Gopal Mukerji, a Hindu, Americanized to the point of degrees in Leland-Stanford and inoculation with free verse, is a volume certain of approbation from those readers for whom a shimmer can take the place of a gleam.

"The Cycle of Spring" is a play of Hindu setting, lyrical impulsion, and half-allegorical handling, which is likewise sure to delight those estimable and trying persons for whom delight is a principle and a vocation. I am not imperceptive of its cunning and winning ways; I am alive to something half-celestial in the daintiness, the sleekness, and the pliancy of its wavy and murmurous English. But my heart remains hard; I do not like books that put up their mouths to be kissed. The introduction stages the "Poet" not in his true colors as a faltering human being with a hold on a good thing which he pays for more or less by a loosening of his hold on other good things, but as a serene and gracious oracle commissioned to reclaim an errant world. The three following acts flutter and twitter with a band of young Hindus who want neither to ask nor answer, neither to teach nor listen, but simply to merge themselves in the gayety of the world as it reveals itself in mellowing sky and opening leaf-bud. But, for all their feint of nonchalance, these young persons have no other task in life but to explain and extol their own conduct and to vilipend their critics and opponents. Now, to preach the gospel of spontaneity is to betray it; it is unlucky to warble on principle. The quick-witted author should not be unmindful of the truth that a man who says "Disobey rules" and "Burn your textbooks" has laid down a rule and fathered a text in the same moment. The book has just that kind of laughing innocence which will be thoroughly enjoyed—after turbot and Madeira in the panelled drawing-room.

O. W. FIRKINS

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# BOOKS

## A Shakespeare Manuscript?

*Shakespeare's Handwriting.* A Study by Sir Edward Maunde Thompson, G.C.B. New York: Oxford University Press. $3.40.

EITHER Shakespeare wrote the great insurrection scene, which to please the authorities was added to the manuscript of the play of "Sir Thomas More," or—but who else *could* have written it? So speaks the literary sense, not merely because the passage (II, iv, 1-172) is so good, but so good in precisely his own inimitable way. But men who have long entertained this view, knowing the literary sense not to be above fallibility, welcome confirmation from some other quarter. This comes from the palæographer Maunde Thompson, who has subjected the passage to a most rigorous and strictly palæographic scrutiny, with the result that he has convinced himself, all matters of the literary sense carefully set aside, that the passage in the manuscript stands written in Shakespeare's own hand.

Even this view is not new; it was suggested as long ago as 1871. Maunde Thompson's contribution consists in placing on a basis of fact what before was only a suggestion, of making the demonstration, so far, at least, as an acute and fair-minded marshalling of such evidence as there is can be made to accomplish that end. The manuscript in question (Harleian 7368), which according to the most recent view is mainly in the hand of the industrious playwright and translator, Anthony Munday, is as it stands in process of revision and amplification. Several different hands have been distinguished as sharing in this work. The passage supposed to have been written in by Shakespeare —the background of the mob and the impassioned speech of More in defence of law and order—occupies three pages. The handwriting of this passage was formerly supposed by scholars to be found in other additions to the play, not strikingly, if at all, Shakespearean in character. It must be that as a result of Greg's analysis of the several hands, in the Malone Society edition of the play (1911), this view has been given up and the hand supposed to be Shakespeare's confined to the three pages under discussion. Unfortunately, Greg's edition is not accessible to us at the moment of writing. It is to be regretted that Maunde Thompson does not discuss this matter. For him to assume that the Shakespearean hand is found here and here only in the play is considerably to simplify his problem. Doubtless he does this on sufficient grounds, but we should have thanked him to tell us briefly what these grounds are.

Granting him, however, as we are no doubt justified in doing, this initial simplification of the problem, we may follow him in his analysis. This amounts in effect to a careful comparison of the three pages of manuscript with the all too scanty remains of the poet's authentic handwriting, namely, the fourteen words of the six signatures, one of them prefaced by the words, "By me." All of this material is presented in accurate collotype and transliteration, so that the reader can work himself into a position to form his own judgment.

Shakespeare, as is well known, used the native English or scrivener's hand, as it was taught in the schools of his day. The fine Italian hand, upon which our present cursive writing is based, was only just coming into general use during his later years. This to our eye crabbed and German-looking hand gave little opportunity for the development of striking personal peculiarities; one man's looks very like another's. And what Shakespeare's hand may have been, when his pen was in the flood of composition, it is not easy to divine from the signatures. In three of them, on the three sheets of his will, the poet is hampered by illness, in the last of them beginning well as by an effort and ending badly. In two other cases, the conveyance and the mortgage-deed of the Blackfriar's property, the signature is cramped by an apparent desire to get it all on the small parchment tag to which the seal was appended. Only the signature to the deposition in the Montjoy suit, discovered by Dr. Wallace, is free and flowing, but abbreviated to *Willm Shakp.*, with flourishes. In these signatures about all that can be set down to the score of personal peculiarities is the employment, three times, of the long, slender Italian *s*, instead of the big-headed English variety, the use of an open, *u*-like *a*, with the left stroke carried upward in a curve and downward to the line in a little spur, and an elaborately curled *k* of three loops with a horizontal stroke through the middle. All of these peculiarities occur freely in the three pages of the manuscript. And the general character of that writing, now hurried, now deliberate, not particularly distinguished, adhering pretty closely, except for the peculiarities mentioned, to the copy-book forms of the letters, but yet fluent enough to be a good working literary hand, is about what we should expect Shakespeare's hand to turn out to be.

Thus the author, playing very fairly with the reader, makes the best of his slender evidence. Jumping with the reports of the literary sense, as it does, it is very welcome evidence, however slender one may choose to call it.

## Five Recent Novels

*Young Low.* By George A. Dorsey. New York: George H. Doran Company.

*Brian Banaker's Autobiography,* Up to the Age of Twenty-four. Faithfully Set Down by W. B. Trites. New York: Alfred A. Knopf.

*April Folly.* By St. John Lucas. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company.

*The Joyful Years.* By F. T. Wawn. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company.

*Second Youth.* By Allan Updegraff. New York: Harper & Brothers.

CAN there be such a thing as taking youth too seriously? It sometimes appears that modern Christendom has its own species of calf worship—its cult, let us say, of the golden lad and lass. If Mendelssohn's triumphal strain no longer sums up life for our novelists, many of them seem to be so fully preoccupied with the process of manhood and womanhood in the making, or baking, that the product hardly exists for them. To be half-baked is better than to be finished, done for: youth, one gathers, is at worst a glory and a dream, and maturity a miserable awakening, or a more miserable compromise. All hail, therefore, to the salad days, the days of independent if dubious adventure, of high if fitful endeavor—not least, of wine, women, and song! What if youth does not get anywhere? It IS!

Here, for a recent American example, is the "Young Low"

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of a "new" writer who essays to be extremely American in the continental manner—or, it is more just to say, in the continental mood. It refreshingly lacks the Russo-Gallic accent which our bold young "realists" so frequently affect. It has an excellent autobiographical style, free from bookishness on the one hand and from the conventionalized vernacular of the magazines on the other. The narrative is in three parts. The first carries Young Low from infancy and boyhood in rural and small-town Ohio through his graduation from a local college. He was born on a farm of the plains of ordinary parents who at once began to mould him into their own slackly conventional image. "By the time I was three, I had, no doubt, lost much of any natural talent I had had at birth, for the moulding process was well under way." He does not lose his birthright as a rebel, however. The policy of hypocrisy and repression which seems to him to rule the adult world makes a liar and a rowdy of him in boyhood and a discreet free-liver later on. In memory he lays bare without mercy the raw side of adolescence, the filthiness and savagery of the "barefoot ornery gang" with whom he wallows, their furtive gropings after that mystery of sex which the "modesty" of the period leaves them to imagine as a foul mystery. . . . Yes, here we are on the familiar trail, which, however we may be permitted to look aside or upwards, we shall never actually escape from in the course of these pages. Young Low, thank Heaven, is not the casual male of contemporary naturalism. He has serious designs upon life, wishes to lift himself out of the rut of insincere convention and count for something real. But he has only his bootstraps to help him, and while he is fumbling at them one woman after another comes by and distracts him from his task. He is betrothed to one, and will not take or leave her; he becomes the lover of another, and abandons her for a third—to the streets, for all he knows. With the third—a married Brahmin of Boston, if you please—he enjoys (at her expense) a long luxurious honeymoon abroad, which is terminated by the death of the Boston husband. His Alexandra, for reasons which we have not had patience to unravel, appears to think that she ought to give him up, now that she is a widow and marriageable; Young Low makes off, after fitting protests, to conquer other worlds—worlds of sex, we must surmise, though he now has a new lot of noble dreams to take pride in.

"Brian Banaker's Autobiography" is an equally indeterminate chronicle of young Americanism as she is written, another "first" book, by a bold young realist who wishes to strip the veil from the proprieties and show a man. Unluckily his exhibit turns out to be only a puppy of a familiar breed, the wandering youngster who passes his days in delightful uncertainty whether to chase his own tail or take a bite out of the moon. Brian Banaker's chief claim to distinction is that, though a millionaire's son, he is as intellectually and emotionally restless and footling and absurd as any shabby bohemian on record. He cannot make out what life is about, at all, and this troubles him very much. It does not seem right that a millionaire's son, and one who can say of himself, "Hour after hour I thrilled, like a violin, to the splendors of Tolstoy, Dostoievsky, Swinburne," should not know what life is about. Let us credit him with having done his best to discover it, by way of divers adventures in wine, woman, and song. We leave him under the conviction that he has found the secret through marriage with his ineffable Marcelle, that Philadelphian aristocrat who wears tiny bells concealed about her person, and says, "Listen, I've heard a lot about you."

"April Folly" presents a less crude interpretation of young manhood. There is something really likable about Mr. Lucas's Denis Yorke, something (shall we say it?) ultimately respectable about him, despite his trade of musician and his dabbling in bohemianism. His mediocrity of birth to the contrary, he is a gentleman in the old-fashioned sense, an English gentleman of public-school training and connections, "a decent sort." The young London group of budding artists with whom his lot is cast are mainly of his own class. His adventures in sex take us along none of those miry ways to which the bold young school have now wonted us. Nevertheless, they would have seemed desperate enough if we had been regaled with them at the time of their alleged occurrence, a quarter of a century ago. His long amour with the exotic Yvonne, who charms his youthful emotions from their normal channel and robs him of a fitting mate in wholesome English Rachel, would have shocked us in the nineties. At this date it is all merely a trifle wearisome, since, as far as we can make out, it leads to nothing. Denis is a nice fellow who has made a mistake, more through feebleness than viciousness, at much cost to several persons, including himself. But we feel no assurance that he has learned anything to his advantage. He remains a decent, irresolute, personable youth, with a talent for music and no high human goal before him. The wholesome English girl serves him rightly by marrying some one else; Yvonne does her best for him by giving him up. He half forgets them both in work; yet when he meets Yvonne by chance in later years, he is still capable of the old indecisive emotions; and here, to the best of our knowledge, is in all senses the last word about him: "Denis rose and stood looking for some moments in the direction in which Yvonne had gone, then, with an odd gesture that might have meant bitter regret, he turned and began to walk back beneath the yellow October sunset towards Chelsea." . . . "Yes, but what of it?" is the mood in which this kind of story, however nicely done, has a way of leaving us.

Another story of the British "decent sort" is "The Joyful Years," a tale rather hopelessly old-fashioned, since it records no more unconventional a sex-adventure than is involved in a runaway marriage. The young pair, moreover, are of quite the same class, though one is daughter of a rich baronet and the other son of a poor army officer. The obstacle to true love, that is, is nothing more serious than a matter of pounds sterling. However, as much pother is made about it as possible, and when the well-trained reader of English fiction has shifted to the familiar "propputty, propputty" gait, he will have no difficulty in following the chase with a fair show of interest. A middle-aged novelist who is highly esteemed by the critics and correspondingly ignored by the public is a sort of god from the machine. He himself loves the damsel, but knows that her youth is not for him, and therefore is ready to sacrifice everything, from his last penny to his life, in order to assure her proper mating. His final act of magnanimity is to offer himself as the young husband's substitute on the outbreak of the war. They both go, in the event, but luckily for the sensibility of the reader (which is pretty assiduously played upon from beginning to end of the narrative) it is the scribbling genius and not the young husband who is wiped out by Fate. The story is "well written" in a way, but unduly drawn out, and marred by a kind of spinsterly voluptuousness which

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insists on our habitual assistance at the heroine's toilet.

"Second Youth," still another "first novel," is a story in rather agreeable contrast to the somewhat stuffy bedroom atmosphere of the foregoing narratives. It is a book of modest humor, "being in the main," says the sub-title, "some account of the middle comedy in the life of a New York bachelor." Our bachelor, Mr. Francis, silk salesman in McDavitt's department store, has achieved middle age without ever having known youth intimately. In dress and manner he is the immaculate and respectable salesman. Beneath his correct exterior, however, beats a susceptible heart, and various fragmentary reachings towards romance are recorded from time to time in the decorous diary which it is his solitary recreation to confide in. We are to see him, in the course of an extraordinary episode which comes to him in the way of business, gradually developed from his humble social estate to that of gentleman and successful lover. It is all absurd enough if you choose to make it so, but in the performance it has touches of characterization and serious feeling which keep it clear of the farcical and fairly entitle it to esteem as a bit of graceful and sympathetic human comedy.

## An Adventurous Southerner

*Recollections of a Rebel Reefer.* By James Morris Morgan. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $3 net.

MR. MORGAN here discloses a personality as interesting as the life adventures which he tells so well. It is a personality which may be described as the finished human product of the ante-bellum South. Humor, vivacity, sanity, and unusual narrative skill without literary pretension are found on nearly every page of that first half of the book which carries the narrator from his boyhood home in Louisiana to the naval academy at Annapolis in the year 1860, and thence, on the Confederate side, through the Civil War, sometimes on land, or, for long periods, cruising the oceans of the world in pursuit of the commerce of the Northern States.

The exaggerated sentiment which mars so many of the books relating to the South of this period is happily absent. In place of an imaginary South the reader is here shown the South as seen by a clear-visioned youth who was in the thick of things. His amusing descriptions of curious military preparations, too many of which are duplicated to-day; his scorn of orators and oratory; his truthfulness, which does not conceal the shameful conduct of certain Confederate soldiery towards Jefferson Davis in the spring of 1865, are all in satisfying contrast with the unreal pictures drawn by so many writers who have preceded him.

Probably no other quarter of the Western world equalled the Southern States in 1861 in the impulsive audacity, excess of individualism, and inability of the males to conform to the more abstract rules necessary to the general welfare. Physical agility and strength, disregard of danger and authority, readiness to quarrel and to drive the quarrel home with or without firearms, unhesitating assumption of the right to determine a disputed question and to follow the "sweet will" of the individual are attributes which Mr. Morgan appears to have possessed in a measure large even for that section of the country where most of these prerogatives were common property. His varied and romantic career, whether he was a sailor fighting for the South, an officer of the Egyptian army, an exploiter of Mexican silver mines and asphalt lakes, a farmer in South Carolina during the reconstruction period, the owner of a Maryland stock farm afterwards, or a Consul-General to Australasia, appears to have been consistently a career of lost causes. The transference to a hundred millions of people in the mass of the wilful individual traits exemplified in Mr. Morgan's career may well be feared as a national adoption of qualities calculated to lead to as doubtful results for the people as a whole as Mr. Morgan experienced in a personal way.

In the South the picturesque youth whose adventures are here recorded was on terms of intimacy, apparently, with everybody worth knowing. He played in the Confederate "White House" with the youths of Jefferson Davis's family. He married a daughter of the Confederate Secretary of the Treasury, and was a widower before he was of age. He was with Captain Semmes in the waters of Brazil. He escorted Jefferson Davis's wife on the flight from Richmond into Georgia, and to Mrs. Davis all her life Mr. Morgan, who was but twenty years of age when Lee surrendered, was "Jimmie."

A good example of Mr. Morgan's descriptive skill is contained in his account of the naval drill at Annapolis:

> The masts of the old frigate were very tall, and when the officer of the deck through his speaking trumpet gave the order "All hands make sail!" we rushed to our stations and stood close to the rails anxious and impatient as young race-horses at the starting barrier. At the order, "Aloft, t'gallant and royal yardmen!" "Aloft, topmen!" "Aloft, lower yardmen!" we sprang into the shrouds, and hardly touching the ratlines with our twinkling feet, a perfect stream of midshipmen dashed up to the highest yards, decreasing in numbers on the shrouds as they reached their stations. Then they stepped on the foot ropes and crowded close to the mast until the order was given to "Lay out and loose!" when they went out on the yardarms and cast off the gaskets. Then came in rapid succession, "Let fall!" "Sheet home!" "Lay in!" "Lay down from aloft!"—when as though by magic the bare poles were hidden by her snow-white canvas from her trucks to her deck, and the midshipmen, helter-skelter, came jumping from ratline to ratline until they reached the deck, while some of the more venturesome leaped to a back-stay and slid down with fearful velocity.

## The Centrists in Germany

*Pan-Germanism versus Christendom:* The Conversion of a Neutral. Edited by René Johannet. New York: George H. Doran Co. $1.

IN the little Luxembourg village of Clervaux there had long lived a certain M. Emile Prüm, a manufacturer, burgomaster, ex-Deputy, and devout Roman Catholic. As a Roman Catholic and as a man of German culture and sympathies, he had always greatly admired the Centre Party in Germany. By his clericalism and German connections he was also naturally anti-French. Then came the war, the German invasion, and the atrocities. Being favorably situated for observation, M. Prüm watched and meditated—and ceased to be pro-German.

M. Prüm set forth the reasons for his conversion from Germanism in an open-letter pamphlet to Herr Matthias Erzberger. For this he was speedily prosecuted at Erzberger's instigation, and the pamphlet was condemned and suppressed. But a copy of it fell into the hands of René Johannet, who has translated it and added comments. Its

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peculiar interest to-day comes from its account of the evolution of the Centre Party and the light it throws on the Centrist leader, who has been so active recently in Munich, Vienna, and Berlin. We in America are accustomed to think of the Centre as one of the most united, strong, and harmonious parties in the Reichstag. So it was in the great days of the *Kulturkampf*, when its founder, Windhorst, acting with an eye single to Catholic interests, drove Bismarck to Canossa. So it was until eight or ten years ago, when the reviewer remembers seeing in *Ulk* a cartoon of a typical Centrist party meeting: a shepherd in black, presiding over a flock of sheep-headed Centrists, propounded, discussed, and decided in a monologue the party policy which was thereupon "unanimously" adopted. But in the last few years a split has come. The "Berlin wing" devoutly remains true to the Catholic spirit of the Windhorst era. The "Cologne wing," alas! according to M. Prüm, has degenerated into an "interconfessional" (*i. e.*, non-sectarian) party. It even admits Lutherans. It puts politics above religion. It has been seduced by Bernhardi and the Pan-Germanists. From the published utterances of its apostate leader, Erzberger, M. Prüm quotes antebellum passages which would justify the disregard of treaties, the killing of civilians, the air-raids on unfortified places, the deportation of the Belgians, the campaign of hatred and untruth, and all the other German violations of right and justice. It is for these utterances and for the Centrist support of German imperialism that M. Prüm calls Herr Erzberger to account.

That was two years ago, in the spring of 1915. Recent dispatches seem to suggest that Herr Erzberger may at last have seen the error of his ways, and is now really cooperating with the genuinely devout Catholics of Bavaria and Austria in opposing Pan-Germanism. Or will he still continue to dally with interconfessionalism?

# Notes

SEPTEMBER publications of Frederick A. Stokes Company are announced as follows: "Brought Forward," by R. B. Cunninghame Graham; "The Wages of Virtue," by P. C. Wren; "Take It!" by George M. Adams; "Piano Mastery," by Harriette Brower, second series; "Grenstone Poems," by Witter Bynner; "Chinese Cook Book," by Shiu W. Chan; "The Unpopular History of the U. S. by Uncle Sam Himself," by Harris Dickson; "Air Power," by Claude Grahame-White and Harry Harper; "The Way of the Air," by Edgar C. Middleton; "The 'Fortnightly' History of the War," by A. M. Murray; "Austria-Hungary," by Wolf von Schierbrand; "Benefits Forgot," by Honoré Willsie; "Interior Decoration for Modern Needs," by Agnes F. Wright; "Mother Goose Movies," by Alice Beard; "The Toyland Mother Goose," by Patten Beard; "Indian Legends in Rhyme," by Grace and Karl Moon; and "The Toils and Travels of Odysseus," by C. A. Pease.

E. P. Dutton & Company announce for publication in the autumn four volumes of the selected plays of Arthur Wing Pinero, edited by Clayton Hamilton. This firm also announces for early publication the following volumes: "Peaceful Penetration," by A. D. McLaren; "Italy at War," by Herbert Vivian; "The Hill Towns of Northern France," by Eugénie M. Freyer; "Through Life and Round the World," by Raymond Blathwayt; "Six Months on the Italian Front," by Julius M. Price, and "Under Fire," by Henri Barbusse.

The following volumes are among the August announcements of the Century Company: "The Boy's Camp Manual," by Charles K. Taylor; "The Junior Plattsburg Manual," by E. B. Garey and O. O. Ellis; "The Other Brown," by A. Luehrmann; "Friends," by Stacy Aumonier; and "Health First," by Henry Dwight Chapin.

Among the volumes in the World Classics Series which the Stratford Company is about to publish are the following: Volume I—"Lazarus," and "The Gentleman from San Francisco," translated by A. Yarmolinsky; Volume II—"De Profundis," by Przybishevsky, translated by Luba Wies and William Cohen; Volume III—"The Mostellaria of Plautus," translated by H. T. Schnittkind; Volume IV—"Tales of Tchekof"; Volume V—"Russian Tales of the Present War."

THE philosophy of this tale ("Philosophy: An Autobiographical Fragment," by Henrie Waste; Longmans, Green) grows in the Albert-Ludwig University at Freiburg. The philosopher and autobiographer is a girl graduate from Columbia who goes thither to study and become a Ph.D. under Herr Professor Rickert. She meets in the Seminar a young Italian Hebrew named Taddeo, who has a marvellous complexion, soulful melancholy eyes, and who wears a mystery of loneliness. They walk together, eat together, and innocently hold hands while discussing the intricacies of the world and of their own hearts. The author evidently knows her philosophical books, and shows no little acumen in weaving the theorems of the schools into the conversation of a philandering young man and a maid. And this is the conclusion, as the maid, after passing her examination, writes of the young man:

> So I owe it to her, philosophy, that I *can* love you completely. And I certainly owe it to her that I *do* love you completely, for I owe my personality to her.

Just why this maid needed years of philosophical study to love in the way quite customary with the maids of fiction, we do not know; but some of her love-making is pretty enough. By all odds the best things in the book are the satirical yet kindly sketches of the other students of the Seminar who are not so soulful as Taddeo.

THE twenty-eighth volume of "Harvard Studies in Classical Philology" (Harvard University Press) offers three interesting papers which treat of literature as philologians understand the word. Two of them are English revisions of dissertations composed in Latin. Dr. A. Philip McMahon critically reviews the evidence for a lost second book of Aristotle's "Poetics," and finds it insufficient. He writes and reasons very well. But we cannot here resume so technical a discussion. Miss Evelyn Spring's Study of Exposition in Greek Tragedy is in the main an appreciation of the art of Æschylus in plot-construction with emphasis on the exposition. The one extant trilogy, "The Oresteia," shows that, within the larger framework, the constituent plays were separately intelligible. The unity of impression of the whole was effected by recurrent leitmotivs, a few ironical or pathetic anticipations of scenes to come, and a larger number of back references to the earlier plays in the later. Composition by trilogy also made possible something that has been mistakenly denied to Greek tragedy—a development of character. The Clytemnæstra of the "Agamemnon" is transformed in the "Choephoræ"

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into a woman who knows fear, and her guilty caprice for Ægisthus has become a true passion. In the exposition of single plays Æschylus surpasses Sophocles and Euripides, and compares favorably with the most highly developed modern art. He also is the first and one of the greatest artists of the problem play. The "Agamemnon" itself is a problem play. We are not expected to acquit Agamemnon or pronounce him guilty. The question, like that of the morality or immorality of Orestes's slaying of his mother, is left open to reflection and discussion.

IN the longest paper of the volume the erudition, the wit, and the trenchant good sense of Professor Kittredge renew the stale problem of Chaucer's "Lollius." So far back as 1868 Latham pointed out that Lollius as an historian of the Trojan war owes his existence to a misunderstanding of Horace's

> Troiani belli scriptorem, maxime Lolli,
> Dum tu declamas Romae, Praeneste relegi.

And in the reviewer's experience young philologians rediscover the point annually. Professor Kittredge establishes it beyond cavil by an exhaustive canvassing of all the probabilities and possibilities of the case. The objection of Professor Lounsbury, that Chaucer, knowing Latin, could not have blundered so, he meets by an amusing list of *quid pro quo's* in mediæval writers, and for heaping measure shows that Professor Lounsbury himself and numerous "modern specialists engaged in studying the Lollian problem with printed texts and printed books of reference at their elbows" have misapprehended Horace, Chaucer, Boccaccio, and one another in a fashion that estops them from throwing stones at Chaucer. Professor Kittredge claims no exemption from the ban for himself—"Several bad mistakes, indeed, I have already cut out of my manuscript." He or his proof-readers left the "highly felictious incident" on page 104. Three appendices enumerate Chaucer's references to his sources in the "Troilus," his chief debts to Boccaccio's "Teseide," and the parallels between the "Teseide" and Statius's "Thebaid." The magical line

> Thou glader of the mount of Citheroun

is, it seems, a felicitous translation of Boccaccio's "Per cui s' allegra il monte Citerone," with its confusion of Cythera and Cithaeron.

"THE Life of Lazarillo de Tormes" is one of the books which we know all about but do not often read. We know him to be the first of the Spanish rogues, the *pícaro* of numerous literary progeny, and we know the life was not by Hurtado de Mendoza, whoever may have been its author, and that it was probably in existence in some form or other, perhaps for some time, before 1554, the date from which our earliest editions reach us. But the numerous English editions of the sixteenth, seventeenth, and early nineteenth centuries are not widely current in these days, and they are all filtered through French translations. A sound version, with notes by Louis How and an introduction by Charles Philip Wagner (Mitchell Kennerley; $1.50 net), should serve greatly to widen the circle of readers of the tale. We think such who come to it afresh will enjoy the series of anecdotes through which Lazarillo passes with the perfect effrontery of the mediæval rogue, quietly reminding us at each turn that, if he is a scamp, those above him, his masters, are still greater scamps, from whom he differs chiefly in getting more out of it all, through seeing everything in its true light except himself.

PIERRE LOTI'S "War" (Lippincott; $1.25 net) is a collection of twenty-five sketches of scenes on the western front. At the outbreak of hostilities the author who had been assigned to duties in the dock-yards petitioned the Minister of Marine for some service that would bring him nearer to the battle-line—to encourage the others. Pierre Loti is a fine literary talent; but it cannot be said that he is a great painter of the war. His pictures of the men in the trenches, the wounded, the refugees, etc., are indeed trivial and pallid compared with the narratives written by dozens of men who, before the conflict, were quite unknown to literature. In fact, the only matter for curiosity in the book is the behavior of the "Oriental soul" of the author under the fire which has put high temper into so many humble and placid hearts. The prevailing note of these letters from the front is somewhat effeminate, strident, and hysterical. There is occasion enough, heaven knows, for all forms of railing and wailing; but the heartening voices in the tumult are those which have issued from men superior to the occasion—capable of maintaining their composure and common-sense while all broke loose around them. Mortal indignation raises Pierre Loti's voice to a thin scream against the "savages with pink skins like boiled pig," "mere cattle in attacks directed with imbecile fury by a microcephalous youth, equally devoid of intelligence and soul," "the rabid hyena," "shameless liars," "kites that prey on flesh," and the rest. In the paroxysm of his rage he cries that a German shell which has killed five young French soldiers just arrived in Alsace was fired "without any military usefulness, and simply for the pleasure of doing harm." The emotion is entirely comprehensible, but the logic is not first rate.

FORTY years ago, when England's distrust of the Russian Bear was so strong, one Russian woman, Madame Olga Novikoff, did what she could to lesson the acerbity between the countries and to bring them to a better mutual understanding. She lived much in England, numbered among her friends Gladstone, Froude, Kinglake, W. T. Stead, and others, and by her writing and friends worked for that *rapprochement* between the English and Russian nations which has been one of the most remarkable kaleidoscopic changes of the last decade. Madame Novikoff took herself so seriously as the unofficial agent of the Russian Foreign Office that Disraeli, whose Balkan policy was so antagonistic to Russia, dubbed her "the M. P. for Russia." The sarcastic remark was not meant to give her pleasure, but the nickname stuck and she has rather gloried in it. Her "Russian Memories" (Dutton; $3.50) are rambling reminiscences of her brother, of life in Russia, and of her English friends. But they contain little or nothing that is new or important. They suggest the garrulity and magnification of self which often goes with old age.

THERE is much vividness in the descriptions with which Wadsworth Camp, in "War's Dark Frame" (Dodd, Mead; $1.35), relates his experiences on the western front. Leaving New York after the Sussex outrage had emphasized the peril from submarines, he landed safely at Liverpool and was impressed with the calmness and quiet determination of people in England in war time. On the con-

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tinent, in the fall of 1916, he visited the front-line trenches in Flanders and saw the terribleness of war. Here it was the efficiency and the cheeriness of the English which impressed him, even in the gruesome tasks of tunnelling under the enemy's lines to set mines or in oiling for second-hand use the shoes taken from corpses. His conversational way of mingling fact and fancy makes a decidedly readable, though light, book.

IN "The War Against War" (Macmillan) Prof. Christen Collin, of Christiania, presents in English dress some of the pro-Ally articles which he wrote for Norwegian papers in the earlier part of the war. He pillories the Bernhardi "great superstition" that war is a biological and advantageous necessity for nations. He derides the Ford Peace Mission, whose arrival in Norway he witnessed, for its failure to recognize that "might must stand back of right" in any Peace League which will avail anything. He ridicules the familiar absurdities of the German professors. But he does not adduce any new facts or arguments. Gentle sarcasm and literary dexterity are his weapons.

THE two studies prepared for the Fabian Research Department by L. S. Woolf are published together under the title: "International Government" (Brentano; $2 net). The object of the book is to examine the causes of war and to present a definite plan for the avoidance of wars in future, no unpretentious task, to be sure. The international mind has been veering strongly in recent days towards projects for "some sort of international authority" which will insure or enforce peace during the years to come. Mr. Woolf attempts to transfer this vague "some sort of" into concrete provisions and precise covenants. To give even a bare outline of the scheme would scarcely be practicable here, but it is suggestive in general framework and gives evidence of careful study. The standpoint throughout is Fabian, rather aggressively so in fact, and the historical part of the book is ushered in by a characteristically Shavian introduction.

THAT there is a need for increasing the number of popular expositions of psychoanalysis may perhaps be doubted. Of Wilfred Lay's "Man's Unconscious Conflict" (Dodd, Mead; $1.50 net) we may say, however, that it gives one a fair idea, in an easy and entertaining style, of what it is all about—and incidentally enables one to measure the depths of psychoanalytic credulity. For example, on page 215: "One man is telling another how to use the telephone. 'You ring up central and say, Main, 9871.' The number is an imaginary one." Now, the game of the psychoanalyst, who holds that nothing occurs to us by chance, is to trace the motives which led to the selection of this number; and, of course, we look first (also last and always) for the amatory motive. Well, then, 9 is the number of the house in which resides the young woman beloved by the suggester of the telephone number; 7 is the number of the house next door, in which he would like to live. The motive of 8 will then be obvious. The young lady, it seems, is not one whose heart can be taken by storm, and therefore a transition-number between 9 and 7 is indispensable. But what of 1? Well, this "is accounted for on the ground that the man in question wished to be number one in his own home that he had created in his fancy." This illustration is quoted by Dr. Lay from Kaplan's "Grundzüge der Psychoanalyse," but it is quoted as a scientific fact, without a smile. The psychology of the unconscious has a way of repeatedly suggesting the question, Who are the unconscious?

WHETHER viewed as survival, mythology, the gospel of the imaginative reason, or evangelical preparation, "The Religious Thought of the Greeks" (Harvard University Press; $2) retains its perennial interest. Like the poetry and the art of Greece it invites and requires reinterpretation for every new generation of readers. In spite of many predecessors the present volume by Prof. Clifford Herschel Moore is welcome and fills its niche. From more special, technical, partial, and possibly more brilliant presentations the reader who seeks instruction rather than a new thrill may sometimes turn with relief to this lucid, sober, well-proportioned exposition of the entire historic development of Greek religion from Homer to Origen and Plotinus. He will learn little about vegetation-heroes, Year-Demons, and Revenants in ancient or modern Greece. But he will find all that he needs to know of the religion of Homer and Hesiod, of Orphism, Pythagoreanism and the Mysteries, of religion in the greater Greek poets, of the sophistic and critical tendencies in fifth-century Athens, of the religious philosophy of Plato and Aristotle, of the religious aspect of philosophy in the post Aristotelian schools, of the victory of Greece over Rome and the spread of Oriental religions from northern Africa to the Scottish border, and finally of the fundamental analogies and differences between the resultant Pagan medley and Christianity.

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THE even merit of Professor Moore's work embarrasses criticism. There is room for dissent from his appreciation of Stoicism, and from his unavoidably summary pronouncements on controverted questions of Platonic and Aristotelian philosophy. But it would be unfair to treat such divergences of opinion as errors. Professor Moore approaches the religion of Plato and Aristotle mainly through metaphysics rather than from the point of view of the actual religious problems of their time and of ours. But in so doing he merely follows the accepted convention. If we may distinguish where all is good, he is perhaps a little more at home in the later Greco-Roman world than in the earlier classical literature of Greece. The author's mastery of his subject and the reader's secure enjoyment of his firm guidance are especially felt in the seventh chapter, a comprehensive sketch of the disintegration of the old Roman religion by Greek mythology and skepticism and its renovation by Greek moral philosophy. The eighth chapter, also, On the Oriental Religions in the Western Half of the Roman Empire, is an admirably clear and judicious résumé of the results of much recent investigation. In the final two chapters on Christianity and Christianity and Paganism we are of course on debatable ground. But granted the author's point of view, the temper and the tone could not be improved.

THE Hispanic Society of America has published, and Miss Georgiana Goddard King, professor of art at Bryn Mawr, has edited with sympathy and discrimination, a volume of papers by George Edmund Street, the English architect and Gothicist, with a brief biographical sketch of their author ($2.25). The admiration for Street's artistic judgment and keen sense of style, which resulted from Miss King's labors in revising and editing his "Gothic Architecture in Spain," is expressed in the pages of this well-written and interesting biographical sketch of 58 pages. It presents a very living picture of an attractive and interesting personality of a type that belonged to the Victorian pre-Raphaelite and Gothicist group among whom Street grew up, and which included the Rossettis, Morris, Burne-Jones, George Gilbert Scott, and Waterhouse. Street was born in 1824 and died in 1881, so that his life almost exactly spanned the period of the Victorian Gothic movement. A man of indefatigable industry, a rapid and tireless worker, and a great reader, he was able to make up for his lack of a university education by travel and assiduous self-culture, and to frequent the company of men of the highest culture upon a footing of perfect sympathy and intellectual equality. His architectural works were many and important; he built in Constantinople, Rome, Paris, Genoa, Lausanne, as well as in England; all his designs are interesting, though not all have won the praise of modern critics, and he was certainly the most industrious architect of his group, and on the whole the best designer of them all, not excepting Waterhouse. This biography will be, to many readers, the most interesting part of the volume, and next to that the eight or ten reproductions of sketches by Street. The republished papers and first-published notes, relating as they do for the most part to places and buildings that have been many times described and illustrated since Street's day, have not the special value attaching to his carefully written work on Spain, but they are pleasing in style, often interesting, and exhibit the same discriminating taste and power of clear and precise description that characterize the "Gothic Architecture in Spain" and the "Brick and Marble Architecture of Northern Italy." For some not quite obvious reason the last 78 pages are printed as an Appendix, and in smaller type than the preceding 251 pages. There is a good index.

# London Exhibitions and the National Gallery

THE spring and summer exhibitions in London have been as unprofitable as any I can remember. They equal or surpass the Academy in dulness, though they include those of the New English Art Club, the International Society, and the Allied Artists' Association—the three societies supposed to stand for all that is youngest, gayest, and most alive in art.

But at the New English youth has settled down more comfortably than ever into a respectable convention, and adventure into habit. For long, if Wilson Steer held one of the places of honor, all's been well with the New English, and the best that can be said for this summer's show is that he still holds his accustomed centre: less unmoved than the Club, however, by the rumors of war. His landscape has a new, a forced, an emotional note, a deep lurid red predominating on his palette as if, while he painted in England, a vision haunted him of the flaming, blood-stained battlefields of France. At the International, the name is more of a farce than ever, the policy of exclusiveness more of a dead letter. The walls suggest the Committee's relief that outsiders were found willing to fill up the gaps left by the members. Even Nicholson, to whom has fallen the rare chance of painting one of the few strong figures in this world upheaval, cannot shake off the prevailing lethargy, and General Smuts, as seen by him, is no more vigorous a personality than any other khaki-clad officer on canvas. The disappointment culminates with the Allied Artists, who have little to show except the ease with which Post-Impressionism, or Cubism, or Futurism, or whatever is the most recent of the new Isms, has degenerated into the academic—into convention as rigid as the most venerable tradition at Burlington House—and the danger to the artist of becoming so preoccupied with his recipe as to be able to express nothing else. Indeed, if it were not for the officials of art, the outlook would be dull beyond hope. But, extraordinary as it may seem in these days of closed, or partly closed, museums, the most interesting exhibition of the season has been arranged in the National Gallery by its Director, with the aid of the Director of the Tate.

It will be remembered that a few months ago an unsigned codicil to Sir Hugh Lane's will made a great stir in London and Dublin, or, it would be more exact to say, among the people in the two towns to whom art is something more than a name. The papers were filled with columns of correspondence, artists and poets and gallery-keepers tumbling over each other in their eagerness to prove that he, or she, alone knew where the clever dealer, whom all agreed in glorifying into a rival of Lorenzo de Medici or John G. Johnson, intended his pictures to go. It did not much matter whether Codlin was the friend, or Short—whether D. S. MacColl was Lane's chosen confidant, or George Moore, or W. B. Yeats—but at least one good has come out of the

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undignified squabble. The pictures, mostly French of the mid-nineteenth century, over which the war was waged, have been hung together in a room at the National Gallery so that the public can see for themselves what all the talk was about. The collection is not very remarkable. Sir Hugh Lane probably entered so late into the field that most of the masterpieces of the painters represented had already found a permanent home or had soared to prices too high for speculation. I never thought Manet at his best in the portrait of Miss Eva Gonzalez or the Concert in the Tuileries, though both paintings are interesting as historic or biographical documents. The large Beheading of St. John the Baptist is not the Puvis de Chavannes one would choose, were choice possible, for a national collection. In it he seems to waver between realism and decoration, the action of the executioner in contrast to the decorative calm of the other figures, and the design would not explain to those who do not know his work his supreme reputation as a mural decorator. Nor would the one Degas, a beach with figures and a stretch of sea beyond with sails, justify his great name among artists; the one Renoir, Umbrellas, would certainly not proclaim him the rebel. The two Daumiers and a Fantin have their charm, but are not of special note. There is a lovely little Avignon by Corot and one of his small figure studies, but they, too, are as inadequate in such a collection as is the only Monet, a snow scene, the Pissarro, and the Bonvin. Courbet, the arch-realist, is scarcely revealed in the three examples of his work. It is not quite clear what so late an independent as Vuillard is doing in this company, why Gérôme and, more puzzling, Mancini should be allowed to intrude. However, the series as a whole does give some idea of the work of the group of nineteenth-century Frenchmen whose study was the Real, whose aim was to record their impressions of it, and who are mistakenly looked upon as the forerunners of the modern Expressionists absorbed in some indefinable super-reality and enslaved by formula. But the chief interest is not so much in the paintings themselves as to see them at the National Gallery now that the Director has made a still more amazing new departure and filled the adjoining room with English pictures of much the same period borrowed from the Tate Gallery. The result is an excellent, if incomplete, opportunity for a study in comparisons.

The English collection as a collection is no less inadequate than the French. Under the conditions this is inevitable. The Tate Gallery suffers from many disabilities. Were it not for an occasional gift or bequest it might as well shut its doors, for money to spend is scarce and hitherto much of its space has been claimed for the Chantrey Collection. The scandal of the administration of the Chantrey is an old story which need not be repeated here, though it may be noted in passing that a possible sequel has just been begun with the refusal by the Director to hang one of the pictures bought this year by the Trustees. The Tate is not compelled to burden itself with the collection, but this is the first time that a positive refusal to shelter a Chantrey picture has been given to the Academicians who have used the Chantrey money chiefly for their own benefit and that of exhibitors at the Academy, losing sight of Chantrey's intention to encourage only what is best in contemporary British art. House of Lord's Committees and scathing criticisms have been equally without effect. But the official worm has turned at last. The Gallery will no longer be a dumping ground for Academic "pictures of the year," and, moreover, the Trustees recently appointed to the Board that controls the Tate are men who have absolutely nothing in sympathy with the Academy, the only objection being that they, in their way, are almost as narrow, almost as exclusive in their preference for one group of artists, as the Academicians who administer the Chantrey are in theirs. Whatever may come of the new movement, it will be interesting to see; what has come of the old policy is known too well, and it is no surprise that now, when the National Gallery wants to borrow from the Tate it must do so at a disadvantage. But still, the borrowed pictures, together with a few already at Trafalgar Square, serve as a reminder, if nothing more, of what was being done in England at very much the same time—a little earlier or a little later—that Manet and the others were at work in France. The Chaucer and the Lear and Cordelia by Ford Madox Brown, the Vale of Rest by Millais, the Monna Vanna, the Beata Beatrix and one or two more by Rossetti, the King Cophetua by Burne-Jones, would not by any means make the history of Pre-Raphaelitism clear to the student ignorant of that movement, but to the student who does know something of it they must recall with eloquence the most notable rebellion that agitated artists and their critics in England during the last century. And a glimpse of the work done outside the Brotherhood is provided by Fred Walker's sentiment-laden Harbour of Refuge, Cecil Lawson's huge moonlit landscape, portraits and a Psyche by Watts, a draped figure by Albert Moose from which the charm has somehow vanished, Frith's ever popular Derby Day. If Whistler's Old Battersea Bridge, more triumphantly beautiful every time one sees it, is included, it holds a place no less entirely apart in the English collection than Whistler held among English artists during his lifetime. It would hang more appropriately in the room with the French pictures, for Whistler was thought eccentric simply because, like Courbet and Manet and Monet and Degas and Vuillard who have been thought no less so, he was concerned with the Real and strove to wrest all the beauty and strength and character he could out of what he saw, what he knew. And this is just where the British groups differ vitally from the French—just the difference that makes the comparison between these two little fragmentary series so interesting. The British painters were then striving, as they often had striven before and still strive, for something beyond the Real and their own impressions of it, for some meaning, some story, sentiment, moral, or what you will—something that paint was never meant to express. How overladen with cheap ornament, how vapid in their yearning beauty, Rossetti's women seem compared to the straightforward little study by Corot! How labored Cecil Lawson's moonlight, how meretricious Fred Walker's setting sun and blossoms, to the fresh sands and sea by Degas, the glittering snow by Monet! And more striking still is the contrast between Burne-Jones's King Cophetua, with its studio-built interior, its impossible figures, its jumble of detail, its ill-arranged lines, and Puvis de Chavannes's big simple design, even if it is not one of his finest, well-balanced and harmonious in its spacing, dignified and monumental in its figures. But perhaps the difference in aims and objects is felt most keenly when one stands before Frith's Derby Day, the merit of which was once believed to consist in its photographic accuracy, its photographic statement of fact. And yet, to look into it now is to find the Derby crowd,

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in Frith's imagination and paint, as crammed full of sentiment and moral as Ford Madox Brown's Lear and Cordelia or Millais's Vale of Rest. Each little group, from the very mid-Victorian tipsy young man and frightened young woman in her carriage to the strolling acrobats giving their performance, is a story by itself, each worked out as elaborately as the other, so that the eye is forced to wander from group to group and can never once get the impression of a crowd of groups. To emphasize Frith's failure and the reason for it, one has only to step into the next room and examine as carefully that Tuileries Concert in which Manet was seeking a truth more important to the painter than story and moral and detail—the truth of atmosphere. The Derby Day is no better than a succession of snap-shot sermons ingeniously packed together; the Concert is a vivid impression of a crowd in the open air, full of movement and color, and far more accurate than the Englishman's painting as a record of character and costume and date. After all, the business of the painter is to paint, not to preach, and though Manet was at the very beginning of his career when he painted the Concert and had a long way to go before he developed into the Impressionist of his later period, the picture has the qualities so deliberately ignored or scorned by the English artists of Frith's generation.

Of course this is no new discovery, but it is one useful to make anew at this moment when contemporary artists in England offer little at all to think about. Besides, to have hung these two collections, as well as pictures belonging to the Dukes of Westminster and Buccleugh, in the National Gallery, shows promising enterprise on the part of the new Director and a desire to turn the Gallery to some good purpose now that many of its rooms are emptied of their treasures. The drawback to pleasure is the regret that a number of the borrowed pictures have not been as safely stored as the Old Masters they replace temporarily on the walls. It is to be hoped that other innovations and eccentricities in the hanging are due to this disappearance of Old Masters and not to the new Director's ideas of arrangement. It may astonish but it scarcely satisfies to see Sargent's Lord Ribblesdale hanging between a Murillo and a Zurbaran; all sense of appropriateness is outraged by finding two of Millais's most commonplace portraits—his Gladstone and Sir William Thompson—in the same room with Pinturicchio and Perugino. But the National Gallery, like the rest of the world, has been turned topsy-turvy by the war, and provided the Director is not establishing a precedent, he is to be congratulated on his success in tiding over a difficult interval for art and artists by giving the most suggestive and also amusing exhibition held in London for many long months. N. N.

*London, July 25*

# Reviews of Plays

## "THE VERY IDEA"

EUGENICS has been this long time waiting eagerly to be dramatized. It offers material of comedy for the highest creative talent. In "The Very Idea," however, by William Le Baron, at the Astor Theatre, farce preëmpted an excellent theme. The thoughtful playgoer almost wished the piece had turned out less amusing, and not so well acted, so that a caveat of failure might have been filed against the motif to keep away any but a modern Molière. The play was excellently carpentered. There was a childless couple who wanted to adopt a child, but could not make up their minds to take one of doubtful antecedents. So, at prompting of a relative enthusiastic over eugenics, they decided to raise a family by proxy, the parents to be perfect human specimens. Ernest Truex, as Gilbert Goodhue, the excitable, rather dense, husband, proved the star of the piece. He has a fine gift for portraying the irascible inconsequence of the little man who is regularly ignored by his wife and relations in every argument, and who continually insists, nevertheless, upon having his importance recognized. Mr. Truex carried the whole burden of making the improbabilities of the farce seem the likeliest developments in the world. His August audience of Tired Business Men responded with inextinguishable laughter. A.

## "FRIEND MARTHA"

PLAYS like "Friend Martha," at the Booth, cause a layman to wonder whether after all the managers know their business. Old-fashioned romantic comedy about a young Quakeress who insists upon marrying an unregenerate but attractive youth, outside the Society's pale, against her father's will, furnishes forth the plot, blank verse of monotonous, triphammer regularity, reminiscent of consecutive fifths, being the medium through which it is communicated to the audience. Humor and sentiment are conspicuous by their absence, as is good acting. The heroine, played by Oza Waldrop, does a great deal of conscientious frisking about without arousing merriment; her voice and distinctly "Noo Yawk" pronunciation do not make for pathos, which the text requires now and then. Edmund Breese plays the obdurate Quaker father in a carefully calculated but not very interesting manner—perhaps he does the best he can with a barren part. The rest should be silence. The moral to be deduced from this horrible example is that play-producers ought to hire some one to read their manuscripts who has no professional acquaintance with theatrical technique, with "putting it over," "punch," or any of the therapeutics or materia medica of the stage, some one with a sound literary training, a normal mind, and a not too lively sense of "humor." A.

# Notes from the Capital

## H. C. Evans

DURING the recent discussion over the respective merits of pensions and insurance for the relief of our soldiers, many old Washingtonians must have been reminded of one man, formerly their neighbor, who could distance all competitors with practical testimony on one side of the question. This is Henry Clay Evans, of Chattanooga, Tenn., who served through McKinley's Administration and part of Roosevelt's. What Evans has not seen of the ins and outs of the pension system, the rapacity of the grafters who juggle with it for money or politics, and the abuse heaped upon any one who gets into their way, could be crowded into a small nutshell. All of us remember him as he appeared while he lived in Washington—tall, spare, hollow-cheeked, sallow-complexioned, with a forward-looking nose and a chin which would have been obtrusively pointed but for its growth of a narrow imperial to supplement his thin mous-

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tache. His dark hair always looked as if it had just escaped from the barber's comb; and his attire of solemn black, with standing collar and top-hat regardless of the temperature, seemed to sound a note of warning that you would only waste your time if you tried to heat or ruffle him. Add to these phenomena a high-pitched nasal voice which would have been rasping but for its good-natured inflections, and the twinkles which never failed to play about his shrewd eyes, and you need not be told that you had before you a "character" in the full Yankee sense.

Evans is now seventy-four years old. A Pennsylvanian by birth, a later resident of Wisconsin, and a short-term graduate from a volunteer regiment in the Union Army, he settled after the Civil War in Chattanooga, not as a carpet-bagger, but as a manufacturer. His masterful personal qualities were soon recognized by his neighbors, who made him chairman of their board of education and then Mayor. Next they sent him to Congress in time to help Speaker Reed hold a slender Republican majority together and dragoon the House into adopting a workable code of rules. His course during his one term led President Harrison to make him First Assistant Postmaster-General to bridge over a small gap before Cleveland's second Administration. In all the intervals between office-holdings he went back to his old work as a maker of railroad iron and a builder of cars; and thence it was that McKinley, who remembered him well in the House, called him to the Pension Commissionership.

Here his real troubles began, for he brought to his public duties the same spirit which had pervaded his private calling. The Pension Bureau was run under his guidance like a strong machine. What the laws directed him to do, he did; what they omitted to direct, he did not assume to interpolate. If there were room for reasonable doubt of the construction of a statute, he passed it up to the Attorney-General for an opinion, which must be his guide till the courts should interfere. This was what made him an ogre in the sight of a multitude of bogus "veterans," and caused his name to be mentioned only with anathema by the horde of pension attorneys and lobbyists who infested the capital. For the genuine soldier, who was paying a penalty in wounds or invalidism for having come to the defence of the Union in its peril, he had only unbounded good will. Deserving cases of such men or their widows, when brought to his notice, needed the intervention of no attorneys. Again and again I have known him to take up these matters himself, hard-worked man as he was, and put them through the mill, so that the claimant received every dollar the Government allowed, without a penny's expense beyond the postage on the correspondence involved. But he did demand a real basis for a claim, and not a mere scheme cooked up in the back office of some local shyster. A finer tribute could hardly have been paid his integrity in this work than came to my notice repeatedly, when some member of Congress who did not hesitate to paw the air and make the ceiling tremble with his denunciation of the heartless policy of "this man Evans" would privately admit that the course pursued was actually the only honest one possible; and I heard a member go even so far as to say that he could not understand why a practical man like Evans deliberately invited martyrdom, when the fringe of dubious claims against which he was standing out might be compromised without costing the Government more than five millions in addition to its total of one hundred and fifty millions a year! Why, pray, did he not yield that much as the price of peace?

But Evans would no sooner have thought of compromising an inch than of surrendering an ell. He fought out his battle, and when he resigned to go to London as Consul-General it was with an unchanged record. Yet he was not a Reformer with a capital R—quite the reverse: with most of the ideals cherished by the prominent Reformers of his day he had little sympathy. Civil Service Reform, as interpreted by the examination system, did not appeal to him: he formed his own judgments of the capacity and honesty of the men with whom he came into contact, and treated them accordingly, in politics and out. In the Post Office Department he made the customary use of his appointing power. In the House he favored legislation to secure to negro citizens their civil rights in the South by Federal compulsion, if those rights were not voluntarily protected by the States. He used to dwell in conversation on the struggles of the negroes in his own city, old as well as young, to get an education and better themselves through night schools often conducted at their own expense, while a large part of the poor white population refused to take advantage of the free schools open to them, disdaining such a confession of their ignorance.

In spite of his contempt for any kind of chicanery directed against the Government, Evans was not above playing a practical joke on persons who, he felt sure, were contemplating a dishonest act. By this means he unearthed more than one scandalous pension job; but his crowning triumph came when he ran for Governor of Tennessee. Believing that he would be elected, but that there was a conspiracy afoot to keep him out of office, he privately requested the Republican Sheriffs to send in, as their first informal returns of the election, only 60 per cent. of the Republican vote cast in their respective counties. The Democrats fell into the trap, and proclaimed the Democratic vote with elaborate details, showing their success by a safe majority. Then the Republicans brought out their real figures, with vouchers for everything. The Democrats, having irrevocably committed themselves, could do nothing more till the whole matter passed into the hands of the Legislature, which was strongly Democratic, and which made prompt work of a recount that wiped Evans out. As he had no taste for a resort to bloodshed, he bowed to the superior force and retired to private life.

TATTLER

# Finance

## The Harvest Forecast

AN August crop report, compiled at a time when threshing returns are in for winter wheat, and when other crops have made such progress as at least to indicate probable results, is always of high importance in foreshadowing the total harvest. The report is peculiarly interesting this year.

The ideas of the consuming world, during the past six months, have been driven alternately in one direction and another by these varied influences: The world-wide wheat crop shortage of 1916—yield running nearly 1,000,000,000 bushels short of 1915 and 345,000,000 short of the five-year average prior to last year, with supplies virtually exhausted at the season's end; the submarine campaign and the unprecedented American price for wheat; a very bad winter wheat season for our own and the foreign early crops of

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1917; the vigorous nation-wide campaign of spring-time for increasing the acreage of all food crops; a spring and summer season bad for the crops in some parts of the country and good in others.

Last week's Government crop estimates show the results to date. As might be expected, in view of the foregoing influences, those results are very mixed. The American wheat crop indication is no better than the very low August indication of last year. If it should turn out correct at harvest, it would mean a yield smaller by 372,000,000 bushels than in 1915 and by 153,000,000, or 19 per cent., than the average of the past five years. But corn and potatoes, thanks largely to the immense increase of acreage planted, promise to break all records in the yield. Oats promise the second largest crop, with indications of reaching the first place.

As a whole, the harvest now foreshadowed for the five leading grains would foot up 5,559,000,000 bushels, which would be 618,000,000 ahead of last year's August indication and 864,000,000 beyond the actual yield of 1916. It would make this comparison with the final harvest estimates in former years:

| | Bushels. | | Bushels. |
|---|---|---|---|
| 1917 | 5,559,000,000 | 1914 | 4,942,000,000 |
| 1916 | 4,703,000,000 | 1913 | 4,551,000,000 |
| 1915 | 5,853,000,000 | 1912 | 5,532,000,000 |

This year's indication, therefore, stands second only to the huge and fortunate harvest of 1915, and exceeds that of 1912, which was the maximum before the war. It must, of course, be kept in mind that weather uncertainties are still ahead, and that final returns of recent years have varied widely from the August forecast—usually in the direction of declines. Thus last year the final estimate on the five crops was reduced 238,000,000 bushels from that of August, and in 1913 it was lowered by 96,000,000. But there have been exceptions. In 1915 the August estimate was eventually marked up 5,000,000 bushels, and in 1912, when corn and oats were greatly underestimated in midsummer, and when the subsequent weather was perfect for the crops, the harvest ran nearly 600,000,000 bushels above the August figure.

The disappointing wheat figures, this year, are a result of peculiar conditions Two or three months ago, winter wheat seemed to be going from bad to worse, while spring wheat promised to pull up the total. But this week's estimate on winter wheat is 51,000,000 bushels larger than the May forecast, whereas the spring wheat figure is 47,000,000 smaller than that of June. The improvement in winter wheat has been due to perfect growing conditions; many fields which at first were thought to be winter-killed having made ten or fifteen bushels per acre. In spring wheat, the decline has been due to black rust, blight, drought, and other unfavorable influences. The loss of almost 16 per cent. in condition the past month was due to drought most of the time, accompanied by high temperatures. Last year there was a drop from 89 per cent. in July to 48.6 at harvest in September; that also being due to black rust and blight.

This leaves the question open, even with the large production of other grains, how the wheat situation in this country and in the outside world will be affected by the relatively short crop in the United States. The estimate of 653,000,000 bushels is only 13,000,000 more than last year's actual yield. Taken with the estimated carry-over of 48,000,000 bushels from last year's crop, it would indicate a total supply for the year in the United States of 701,000,000 bushels.

On the basis of 600,000,000 bushels for bread and seed requirements, that would leave 101,000,000 bushels for export and carry-over at the end of the harvest year; which would be the smallest supply in years. We exported in the first year of the war 259,000,000 bushels of wheat and 16,000,000 barrels of flour. There are some statisticians, however, who make home requirements for the coming year only 575,000,000 bushels, which would add 25,000,000 to the above-named surplus; and in any case, it remains to be seen what food conservation and food control will do.

# BOOKS OF THE WEEK

## FICTION

Bancroft, G. The Interlopers. New York: The Bancroft Co. $1.50 net.
Jap Herron: A Novel written from the Ouija Board. Mitchell Kennerley. $1.50 net.
Norris, K. Martie the Unconquered. Doubleday, Page. $1.35 net.
Whitney, G. C. The House of Landell. New York: Fenno. $1.35 net.

## MISCELLANEOUS

Ali, M. H. Observation on the Mussulmauns of India. Oxford University Press. $2.40.
Anderson, P. L. Pictorial Photography, Its Principles and Practice. Lippincott. $2.50 net.
Barron, C. W. The Mexican Problem. Houghton Mifflin. $1 net.
Blathwayt, R. Through Life and Round the World. Dutton. $3.50 net.
Dicey, A. V. The Statesmanship of Wordsworth. Oxford University Press. $1.80.
Euwer, A. The Limeratomy. New York: James B. Pond. $1 net.
Fisher, C. D. Petrarch. Oxford University Press. $1 net.
Garey, E. B., and Ellis, O. O. The Junior Plattsburg Manual. Century. $1.50 net.
Richmond, G. S. The Whistling Mother. Doubleday, Page. 50 cents net.
Rogers, L. America's Case Against Germany. Dutton. $1.50 net.
Stevens, E. G. Civilized Commercialism. Dutton. $1.25 net.
Stourm, R. The Budget. Appleton. $3.75 net.
Taylor, C. K. The Boy's Camp Manual. Century. $1.25 net.
The Journal of Leo Tolstoi, 1895-1899. New York: A. A. Knopf. $2 net.
The Love Letters of St. John. Mitchell Kennerley. $1.25 net.
To Mexico with Scott. Letters of Capt. E. Kirby Smith to His Wife. Harvard University Press.
Vinogradoff, P. The Russian Problem. Dutton. 75 cents net.
Walker, H. F. B. A Doctor's Diary in Damaraland. Longmans, Green. $2.10 net.
Wilkins, E. H., and Others. First Lessons in Spoken French for Men in Military Service. University of Chicago Press. 50 cents.
Wilkins, E. H., Coleman, A., and Preston, E. First Lessons in Spoken French for Doctors and Nurses. University of Chicago Press. 50 cents net.

## BIOGRAPHY AND HISTORY

Carnovale, L. Why Italy Entered into the Great War. Chicago, Ill.: Italian-American Pub. Co.
Dixon, W. MacN. The British Navy at War. Houghton Mifflin. 75 cents net.
Marcosson, I. F. The Rebirth of Russia. Lane. $1.25 net.
Price, J. M. Six Months on the Italian Front. Dutton. $3.50 net.
Vivian, H. Italy at War. Dutton. $2.50 net.
Younghusband, G. A Soldier's Memories. Dutton. $5 net.

## POETRY

Peckham, H. H. Present-Day American Poetry. Badger. $1 net.
The Shadow. A Pastoral. Houghton Mifflin. 50 cents net.

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# Summary of the News

THE Senate has at last passed the Food Control bill, 66 to 7, with Senators Reed, La Follette, Gronna, Hardwick, and others fighting to the end against it. Its form is quite acceptable, for the objectionable amendments vesting its administration in a board of three, and creating a Congressional committee on the conduct of the war, were removed; and as Senator Reed disconsolately observed, it is quite as radical as the measure which Representative Lever first introduced into Congress. Two days later Herbert C. Hoover was formally named Food Administrator by the President.

HIS first business-like step was to issue an estimate that the United States, which before the war sent 80,000,000 bushels of wheat annually to Europe, will have to send 225,000,000 this coming year, and that the shipments of sugar, beef, pork, and dairy products must also be increased to an extent that will radically alter American food consumption. His second, on August 12, was to announce a sweeping programme of regulation of the distribution and price of wheat and flour, the salient outlines of which we discuss elsewhere. The Government is brought into the market to buy and resell the 1917 crop, and will be "prepared to take the whole harvest if necessary"; Harry A. Garfield is made chairman of a committee to determine a fair price for the crop, which will be announced in two or three weeks. To keep our mills busy, much of the crop will be sent abroad in the shape of flour. Together with the Food bill, the Senate passed the bill authorizing the President to make a "survey" of the supply, consumption, cost, and distribution of all food products, fuels, and agricultural implements.

CERTAIN developments in the national labor situation during the week are of importance. The Council of National Defence has announced that it will create a Labor Dispute Adjustment Board, which will be empowered to intervene in all difficulties between employers holding Government contracts and their employees which the Department of Labor, through its mediators, has been unable to settle. By a clause to be written into all contracts, employers and employees will be bound to adhere to the decisions of this Adjustment Board during a period terminating sixty days after the close of the war. It is believed that thus the Government will be saved all labor embarrassments. An interdepartmental committee on wages has also been created under the presidency of Franklin D. Roosevelt, Assistant Secretary of the Navy, to fix the wages of men and women employed in Government-operated plants throughout the country. The wages to be paid will not be uniform, but will vary with the section. Meanwhile, to avert a threatened strike of nearly 50,000 carpenters employed on Government work throughout the country, on August 10 it was agreed that all carpenter work to be done by a certain contracting company working on naval barracks at Pelham Bay, New York, should be done by members of the Brotherhood of Carpenters.

ADMINISTRATION bills drawn under the special supervision of Secretary McAdoo, after consultation with experts in social insurance, have been presented in House and Senate for the insurance of soldiers, sailors, and marines during the war. The programme of insurance is a broad one. Men in the armed service of the Government will be insured against death in sums varying from $1,000 to $10,000, the men paying premiums at the rate of approximately $8 per $1,000 out of their pay. It is proposed that men and officers allot a minimum of $15 a month from their pay to wives and dependents, and that in special cases extra separation allowances of from $5 to $50 monthly be made to dependents by the Government. Indemnities for total and partial disability are provided, varying from $40 a month for privates to $200 for higher officers; and the reëducation of men so injured as to be unfitted for their old vocations is provided for. The scheme entirely supplants the old pension plan, and is regarded as much more just, generous, and, from the standpoint of the Government, economical. Its total cost is estimated at nearly $560,000,000 for two years of the war, or, according to Secretary McAdoo, 6 per cent. of the total cost of conducting the war.

BY a general order of the War Department the American army has been remodelled to bring it into the best shape to meet the conditions of warfare in the trenches of Europe, and to fight side by side with the Allies. The order calls for the formation of corps and armies, units which since the close of the Civil War have practically existed only on paper; each army is to consist of three corps, and each army corps of three divisions. The divisions are to be of 19,000 men, instead of 28,000 as at present, the number of divisions thus being increased about one-third for the same body of men. The new composition of the divisions will admit of a great increase of the artillery strength as compared with the infantry strength. Each of them will include three regiments of field artillery to four regiments of foot, whereas the old ratio was three to nine. The machine-gun arm is also to be materially enlarged.

THE feature of the past week in British affairs has been the debate in the convention of the British Labor party at Westminster upon the question of the sending of delegates to the Stockholm Conference, and its results. During a disorderly session on August 10, Arthur Henderson, of the British War Council, who has lately returned from Russia, advocated the sending of delegates upon the clear understanding that the Conference was to be consultative, not binding. He had at first opposed the sending of representatives, for the Russians wished a conference which would negotiate peace terms, and he believed that British labor could not countenance such a gathering; but he had come to the conclusion that the British should attend provided satisfactory safeguards could be arranged, inasmuch as the British point of view is so little understood in Russia that a pointblank refusal would do great harm there, and as it would be dangerous for the Russian delegates to meet at Stockholm only representatives of the enemy Powers and of neutrals. Thereupon the resolution for the sending of delegates passed by a very heavy majority. The next day Arthur Henderson resigned from the War Cabinet, which emphatically disagreed with him upon the advisability of sending delegates to Stockholm. Premier Lloyd George, in accepting his resignation, reproached him for bad faith. He accused Henderson of having led the Cabinet to believe that he would oppose the sending of delegates; and of suppressing a communication which had just been received from the Russian Government, stating that the Russian Government did not think it possible to prevent the attendance of Russian delegates at Stockholm, but regarded it "as a party concern, and in no wise binding on the liberty of action of the Government," and denying that Russia ardently desired the Stockholm conference. Henderson made an answer in the House of Commons; but the Government has announced that it will not permit any British delegate to go to Stockholm.

THE United States Government had previously refused to grant passports to delegates of the American Socialist party bound for the Stockholm Conference; and the announcement that British delegates could not go was accompanied by notice that France and Italy similarly would prevent passage of delegates.

MUCH speculation in Germany as well as outside has been roused by the appointment of fourteen new officials subordinate to Chancellor Michaelis. In the Imperial Cabinet, Dr. von Kuehlmann, recently Ambassador to Turkey, has become Foreign Minister, and Dr. Karl Helfferich has been made Vice-Chancellor, while selections representing chiefly the bureaucracy of the nation have been made for Imperial Secretaries and Prussian Cabinet Ministers. The Pan-Germans have objected bitterly to both von Kuehlmann and Helfferich, the *Vossische Zeitung*, for example, seeing in the latter a representative of the feeling in Germany which is least antagonistic to England. The Radical and Socialist press is dissatisfied at the absence of any marked concession to parliamentarism in the new Cabinets, and the failure to consult the Reichstag.

A MISSION from Japan, headed by Viscount Ishii, has arrived in America, and will proceed to Washington to discuss problems of international coöperation.

NONE of the military events of the week has been of great note. The British and French, besides repelling sporadic German assaults before Ypres, on the Somme, and in Champagne, have made slight advances, the chief being the capture of the village and ridge of Westhoek by the British. On the eastern front the Germans have pushed on in Moldavia, capturing 1,300 prisoners and 13 guns near Fokshani on one day, and later reporting the capture of 6,780 men and 18 cannon north of that point. It is feared that the Russian and Rumanian forces must retreat behind the Sereth, which cuts Moldavia lengthwise into two portions roughly equal. However, the Germans have lost at some points while gaining at others, and on August 12 the Rumanians reported taking 1,200 prisoners. New Japanese naval units have arrived in European waters.

ANOTHER German air raid, over Southend, Rochford, and Margate, on the southeastern coast of England, on August 12, resulted in the killing of 32 (including 22 women and children) and the wounding of 42 persons. Two of the raiding machines were brought down by British pursuers, and one was interned by the Dutch. French aeroplanes, in retaliation for the German bombardment of Nancy and other points, have bombarded Frankfort-on-the-Main, where a smaller number of casualties is unofficially reported.

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